

NOVEMBER, 1961

PRICE 60c

GREAT BRITAIN 4/6

# Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN



William Styron  
on the  
Beverly Aadland  
Story

Greatest Pro  
Quarterbacks  
of All Time

How Janet  
Travell Treats  
Aching Backs

Birth of the  
American  
Sports Car

The  
Underground  
Humor of  
Dick Gregory

U.C.L.A.: The  
College as a  
Country Club

Henry Miller:  
Stand Still  
Like the  
Hummingbird



**Last night  
I read the Nov.  
Esquire and  
today I  
inherited  
four million  
dollars**



## '62 Corvair

*Built for budget-minded people who go for sports car driving*

Here, with smoother styling, tasteful new interiors and bigger new brakes, is the latest version of the car that proved itself in the fiercely milt competition going. If you like a car that goes with extra gusto—and the reflexes of a hummingbird—then read on and see why you and this new Corvair ought to become closer friends.

You'll like what we changed—and what we didn't change—about this new '62 Corvair.

We've spread up the exterior, spoiled up the styling and included a whole bundle of goodies (a bigger better drive door window, dual rear wheels, six exterior chrome—over a thousand better and different!) as standard equipment in all models, coupe and station wagon. You also get bigger, more efficient brakes that team up with Corvair's renowned over-engineered clutch to give you just about the smoothest car that ever landed onto a road.

Which brings us to the thing we haven't changed a bit. Corvair's exclusive steering. Its power assist on corners. Its built-in road-hugger. Its simple, consistent ride. But also made later with words when you could be down at your dealer's driving one right now! Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit & Michigan.



### Corvair Monze

1962 Corvair Monze. The latest and greatest. But it's a whole new car after you've driven the latest and greatest in the Monze Club Coupe. Don't let the other make you feel much.

### '62 CORVETTE

New go—for the gooiest car in America!

Over 100 hp, 100 mph, and a 100 mph top speed. But it's a whole new car after you've driven the latest and greatest in the Corvette Club Coupe. Don't let the other make you feel much.



## Powdered Arpège

For after the bath. What goes on after that is up to you.

Promise her anything but give her Arpège







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# Take 5 Albums-PAY 97¢

ALL 12" LONG PLAY CAPITOL HIGH FIDELITY ALBUMS

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The Genius of Soul

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The Duke of Swing

**ELLA FITZGERALD**  
The Queen of Jazz

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CHOOSE YOUR FIVE ALBUMS—FILL OUT AND  
CAPITOL RECORD CLUB

GREAT RECORDING STARS SHOWN HERE!

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MAIL THIS COUPON—DON'T DELAY  
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Send me at once these 5 ALBUMS—fill me only 97¢

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AT THE MEMBERS' PRICES, WHICH AVERAGE 20% BELOW THE REGULAR RETAIL PRICES



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- The three books you choose will be sent to you immediately, and you will be billed one dollar for each volume (plus a small charge for postage and handling).
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and suddenly, she's lost poetry  
wrapped in the essence of

**Chantilly**  
perfume. Impassioned. Dramatic.  
by ROUBIGANT

4.2 FL. OZ. and 5.1 FL. OZ. sizes

A black and white photograph of a koala sitting on a sandy surface, looking directly at the camera. The koala has dark, fluffy fur with a lighter patch on its chest and around its eyes. Its ears are prominent and rounded. The background is a textured, light-colored surface, possibly sand or dry earth.

**QANTAS** connecting the world, dot by dot











# Leather

## steps on the winter scene COLD WEATHER

New leathers, which combine durability with softness, make possible these new shoes which give you the ease and comfort of summer casuals with the ruggedness you want for the cold weather months.

Remember: the best shoes have leather soles and leather linings

## with a new concept in comfort CASUALS

Truly, here is a shoe to make lounging, week ending, or just walking a supreme comfort throughout the fall and winter. See Cold Weather Casuals at your favorite store. Try them on. Feel the leather. It makes the important difference you will welcome.

Leather Industries of America

You'll find good looking Cold Weather Casuals at stores featuring these famous brands:

A/G by Amer and Eastman

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RANDCRAFT

JOHN C ROBERTS

SEARS ROEBUCK

STETSON

TAYLOR-MADE

THOM McAN

WALK OVER

WALL STREETER

WARD HILL

WESBORO

WINTHROP

WOLVERINE

YORKTOWN

Bokoron, with its jagged and its stone guards standing in front of them, has more or less become the trade mark of New Zealand tourism. It's the only place in New Zealand we found that was really extremely polluted—perhaps even a bit surreal—at least for someone who has just visited Yellowstone.

The grooves are made several  
good books, and the rest for Mason.

If there is anything enough, then we found the unassuming country side much more attractive, and the bathroom of the guests to produce a more pure in Wharfedale creates a truly unusual view of the town. And if you the guests the nearby Gascoigne Valley is really a very nice view.

Armed with a tough, they are about a dozen hefty, and some challenging local players.

where you should be able to find a five-parade without the labor pains of the recent U.S. Congress. And a few years ago (you don't call for a national holiday around here, remember the first session of New Zealand) include a brand-new-just-opened bronze tower and a few other places, some of which

Probably the top tourist area on the North Island is Tongareva National Park, located in the

There is a big + sign next to the text below the Chateau Tinguely that denotes one of the country's most important six-month festivals.

John F. DeWitt, then dean of the college, was arrested together with 1000 by American soldiers. Within the week, the 1000 were released.

100

4

Compliment her with elegance... gifts by

*Zoya*

WHITE SHOULDERS  
GREAT LADY  
MOST PRECIOUS  
GOLDEN SHADOWS

**WHITE SHOULDERS** Perfume \$2.75 \$2.10 \$1.50 \$1.00 \$0.50 \$0.25  
Eau de Toilette \$2.75 \$2.10 \$1.50  
Body Lotion \$2.75 \$2.10 \$1.50  
Body Cream \$2.75 \$2.10 \$1.50

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Eau de Toilette \$2.75 \$2.10 \$1.50  
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**GOLDEN SHADOWS** Perfume \$2.75 \$2.10 \$1.50 \$1.00 \$0.50 \$0.25  
Eau de Toilette \$2.75 \$2.10 \$1.50  
Body Lotion \$2.75 \$2.10 \$1.50  
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## WHITE SHOULDERS

GREAT LADY

### MOST PRECIOUS

## GOLDEN SEADOWS

WHITE SHOULDER: per barrel \$3.75-4.00; 100-120 \$11.00  
 Delivered \$3.75-4.00; \$7.50  
 Bulk Package \$3.00-3.50

**GRANT LAFY** Performer, 53 30 \$6.00 513 300 SEP90 \$250  
Charges, 31 50 \$6.00 310  
Total Balance \$6.50 80

WABE PRINCIPLES	Per-Unit Fee	\$1.75	35	\$10	\$175.00	\$105.00
	Category	\$1.75	35	\$4.00		
	Sub-Category	\$1.00	35			

<b>GOLDEN SHADOWS</b>	Trainer: 32 TS	510	22.0	50	500
	Colleges: 32 TS	50			

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## ONLY THE ODOMETER KNOWS ITS AGE

[illegible]

Body reinforcement is applied to the entire shaft. All internal and external members are galvanized. Shafts are also treated internally even for fuel lines. For longer life and smoother working, valve brake parts are chromium plated. The body is treated with four coats of enamel with baked-in finish.

That is, a nation's size is what makes the President such a

invaluable equipment in the early portions of the war. The Council's *Disarmament and Armaments Control* (1933) is available in German. *My answer to the League's Control* (1934) is available in French. It is worth for here as long as any other. *Armaments and the League* (1934) is 84,000 words.



**LINCOLN CONTINENTAL**

Revised and 1999 Manuscript Accepted for Publication 10/10/00

[illegible]



Add zest to your quest for holiday fun abroad!

## TWA VACATION PLANNING IDEAS

With detailed amazingly  
low-cost Jetliner Tours!

Imagine the fun... soaring from humdrum routine to vibrant gaiety, romance and enchantment in Europe! A few pleasant hours on a swift, luxurious TWA SuperJet and you're there... ready for a never-to-be-forgotten vacation. And with TWA's fabulous new Vacation Planning Ideas, you'll know how to enjoy it most. How to go on your own or as one of TWA's uniquely interesting Jetliner tours. How you can see and do more for less money. Where you'll find the best buys. And how you can Fly Now, Pay Later. TWA Planning Ideas are your picture-windows on the Continent. Look through them now...start planning!

- Visit extra cities at no extra fare
- Join the glory of European traditions
- Shop your way across the Continent
- Tour Europe's Old World wine cellars
- Get on faster of striking Alpine snow
- Book on long Mediterranean shores
- See highlights of Europe at once
- Spend the holidays in the Italy Land

TEAR  
OUT  
PAGES  
ALONG  
DOTTED  
LINE

**TWA**  
Trans World Airline  
**EUROPE**



CONSULT YOUR TRAVEL AGENT  
HE'S AN EXPERT!

Or call your nearest TWA office

Fall and Winter 1961—1962 Spring and Summer





Two marvel of the cities that ancient towers can tell.



You dine in the intimacy of the world's most famous chefs.



You sample gay night life that sparkles into dawn.



You stroll along quaint byways bathed for centuries by the sun.



Gifts of bargain prices from London Silver House.



Fashions sold in renowned European colors.



Art for sale in the museums that Georgian loathe.



Leather work ... measurably grown in Italy or Spain.

Sit back a moment... and imagine yourself in these fun-filled TWA vacation scenes abroad!

## You enjoy fall-winter festivities like these

- ITALY** Opera Season, La Scala, Milan, December through May. Alessand Mosses Festival, Sicily, February. Easter Processions, Rome, April.
- GERMANY** Concerts, music festivals and opera throughout the country, all year round. And Fasching Carnival in provincial cities, March.
- SPAIN** Goya paintings on exhibit in the Prado, Madrid, all year round. Winter Festival, Malaga, January. Holy Week Pageants in Seville, Malaga, Madrid and other cities, April.
- FRANCE** Opera and Ballet Season, September through July. Mardi Gras Festival in Nice, March. Easter Festivals in Lourdes, April.
- ENGLAND** The Royal Ballet, November through April; the theater season, year round, London. Royal Race, Oxford vs. Cambridge, March. Shakespeare Series, Stratford-upon-Avon, through November. British Museum, National Gallery, all year round.
- SWITZERLAND** Annual International Ski Jumping Competition takes place at St. Moritz in December. Swiss Industries Fair held in Basel in April.
- PORTUGAL** Pilgrimage to Fátima, October. Fair of Saint Martin, Galla, November. Mardi Gras and Flower Battle, Beira, March.

And there are hundreds more... in every country!

Look at all the wonderful things you can buy—on a TWA shopping adventure through Europe!

Here's where you can find other "best buys"

France: perfume, art prints, jewelry, antiques, gloves, wines, brandy. Switzerland: watches, knives, cutlery, linen, embroidery, music boxes. Spain: leather goods, lace, gloves, ties, Toledo ware jewelry. Italy: other accessories, silk, baroque hats, handicrafts, leather goods, ceramics, glassware, sea, scarves. Austria: umbrellas, Scottish tweeds, fine whisky. Cadiz: sweaters and English bone china. Germany: cutlery, cameras, toys, clocks, binoculars, chinaware. Ireland: linens and lace. Irish tweeds. Waterford glass. Portugal: lace, pottery, kilgus jewelry, cork products.

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## TWA 17-DAY ROUND-TRIP JET ECONOMY FARES

SHANNON	\$308.00	LISBON	\$360.00
LONDON	\$355.00	MADRID	\$385.00
PARIS	\$365.00	GENEVA	\$425.00
ROME	\$404.30	ZURICH	\$425.00
FRANKFURT	\$425.00	ATHENS	\$520.00

FARES QUOTED FROM NEW YORK  
Effective October through March 31

Fly now... pay later. Only 10% down,  
up to 24 months to pay the balance.

Remember that our extensive allowances for pay bring home more dollars worth of purchases than if they. Special allowances apply for certain airlines and weeks of air. And here's another money-saving tip... duty-free shopping facilities are available in the international airports of Moscow, London, Frankfurt and Paris.

## Here are just two of a wide variety of money-saving, TWA special-interest tours



- 111 DAY** Leave **NEW YORK** by TWA SuperJet for London.  
**114 DAY** Arrive in exciting, historic **LONDON**.  
**116 DAY** Morning sightseeing of City and Central **LONDON**. See the Crown Jewels in the Tower of London, St. Paul's Cathedral, Alderman of Islington.  
**118 DAY** Morning for shopping in **LONDON**. Afternoon sightseeing of West End, River Street, stately Westminster Abbey and Buckingham Palace.  
**120 DAY** The day in **LONDON** for sightseeing on your own.  
**121 DAY** Leave London by air for Amsterdam.  
**123 DAY** Sightseeing in **AMSTERDAM**. Rijks Museum, a diamond-cutting factory and Rembrandt's house.  
**124 DAY** Leave Amsterdam by morning plane for Brussels.  
**125 DAY** In **BRUSSELS**, capital of Belgium. Morning visiting the Grand Palace, the former Palace of Justice, the Cathedral and the unique Minster Museum.  
**126 DAY** Leave Brussels in the morning by air for Paris.  
**128 DAY** Gop., glamorous **PARIS**. Sightseeing by mat-

coach with guide, visiting the Louvre, Notre Dame, the cathedral of Paris, Napoleon's Tomb and the famous Eiffel Tower.

- 129 DAY** Excursion from Paris to **VERSAILLES** by motorcoach with guide. On the way, stop at the residence of Napoleon and Josephine. At Versailles, visit the Palace and its fabulous Hall of Mirrors. Visit the Petit Trianon. Return to Paris through Versailles Forest and the St. Cloud Woods.  
**130 DAY** All leisure in **PARIS** for shopping.  
**131 DAY** Leave Paris by TWA SuperJet for **NEW YORK**.

\***FARES COVERED** are based on 17-day Jet Economy fares from New York. Taxes through March 1, 1971, per person, two adults traveling together on standard basis. Taxes include private boat, sightseeing fee, First Class food. Schedules may vary after March 31 and do not include taxes and amenities, and your travel agent or TWA.



- 131 DAY** Leave **NEW YORK** by TWA SuperJet for Lisbon.  
**134 DAY** Arrive **LISBON**, beautiful capital of Portugal.  
**136 DAY** Visit the Moorish Quarters of **LISBON**, the Artillery Museum, Castle of St. George, Bell Ring, Tower of Belém and Museum of Coats.  
**138 DAY** Leave Lisbon by TWA for Madrid, the folded capital of Spain.  
**139 DAY** In **MADRID**, for centuries the seat of Spanish Kings. Visit the Prado Museum, Bell Ring, Colón, Box Museum, Cathedral of San Francisco, all Gaudí, Retiro Park and other interesting sights.  
**140 DAY** All leisure for shopping and sightseeing on your own in **MADRID**.  
**141 DAY** Leave Madrid by TWA for Rome.  
**142 DAY** Sightseeing in **ROME**. St. Peter's/Guide the Walls, the Roman Forum, the ancient Colosseum, the Appian Way and other historic landmarks.

- 143 DAY** Sightseeing in **ROME** includes the Basilicas of St. John Lateran and Santa Maria Maggiore. . . . St. Peter's and the Vatican.  
**144 DAY** All leisure in **ROME** for shopping.  
**145 DAY** Morning flight to Nice.  
**146 DAY** All leisure on the Sunny Riviera—half day excursion over the breathtaking Grand Corniche Mountain Road to Menton and Monte Carlo.  
**147 DAY** Morning flight to Paris.  
**148 DAY** In **PARIS**. Visit the Arch of Triumph, Champs-Élysées, Eiffel Tower, Napoleon's Tomb, Notre Dame, the Louvre and the sparkling Lehn Quarter.  
**149 DAY** To **VERSAILLES**, with its famed Hall of Mirrors and beautiful gardens and parks.  
**150 DAY** This day in **PARIS** all leisure for shopping.  
**151 DAY** To **NEW YORK** by TWA SuperJet.



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poetry. . . . In every major city of Europe, there's an exciting TWA Jetliner Tour for just about anything you want to see or do abroad. And with TWA tour seminars, you can make better your trip even more than it ever. . . . and ask your travel agent to help, let's go expert!



You go direct to the city abroad you want to visit first...no detours when you fly **TWA SuperJets**



## Fly to and from any of these major gateways in Europe

A glance at the map shows you how easy it is to get to Europe and back on TWA Superjets. They fly direct between the U.S. and all these key cities...and most flights are non-stop. This means you choose the place you want to see first...and fly there. Then continue on to other

planned stops...return home from the last one. You don't have to back-track to spots you've already visited. And with TWA's Stopover Plan, you can see as many as 17 extra cities across the continent at no extra fare! The next time you travel overseas, fly TWA Superjets direct!

Stopovers give you extra cities...extra fun...at no extra fare!



Imagine visiting all these cities for the Zurich round-trip fare! The heavy line shows one of many TWA possibilities for extra stopover fun. And you can go one way, return home another! ZURICH 17-day round-trip Economy fare \$423.40\*



Wanted to travel? You can visit all 17 of these cities for your round-trip fare! The simple itinerary diagram was trip with stopovers...and more ways you get more for your money abroad! HOME 17-day round-trip Economy fare \$484.30\*

You enjoy all this wonderful service...all the way to Europe aboard **TWA SuperJets**



**Delicious hot meals in Economy Class!** You start with freshly baked rolls at minimum price. Then heavenly on the beautifully prepared, appetizing service. Top it with dessert...and coffee freshly brewed on board!

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**Relax in Right...first on TWA!** At certain times, the whole First Class section becomes a theater seating. You sit back, adjust your feather-light earphones, watch the latest Hollywood extravaganza!



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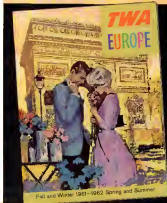
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# WHAT'S NEW FROM GREAT BRITAIN?

(Imported by AD) when a *Royale* Britton was built on the city's pavilion site.

It is also rich in time-honored traditions and colorful ceremonies—many involving Her Majesty's troops. A favorite, as with most visitors is the changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace every other morning at 10:30—when *HM* is in evidence.

What a panorama of sight and sound, parades, drill, prancing steeds and colorful uniforms in their thousands. The pages provide in three handsome Royal Stewart tartans—red, dark, and blue/black—let the plaided skirts tell you. These make among the best-sold and toughest fighting items in the world.

Lakeland has selected Royal Stewart and many other authentic tartan patterns for their full sportswear collection. Among these is the rich dark green and blue/black tunic.

This was suggested in 1778 as battle dress for the first regiments of the 42nd Royal Highlanders. The regular troops of the 11th and 12th Royal Stewart and were known by the Gaelic nickname of *Siagh-lann* (Grey and Red Robbers).

When the two kinds of the cloth first joined in their darkened kilts they were promptly dubbed *Prossaidh Dubh*, meaning the Black Wards.

## A TARTAN BY ANY OTHER NAME

The particular tartan at a dark suit vocabulary of the Royal Stewart, which was the dress dress of the regiment's first colonel, the Earl of Crawford.

Individually, the women are a bit busy about having it called a plaid, since a plaid is actually the shoulder drape or stole which is made of a length of tartan. "But" mean the lower pattern, or say low high Englishmen and call you.

You may be surprised to see Lakeland sports-

wear than layer of Scott Apparel Form. Apparel is the official name of this fabric-plaid line and it is a product of *Wicklow* Mills. The outer or "shell" fabric, such as cotton, grey, knit or what ever is laminated for life to the polymer from inner right of the

will... before it is cut and tailored into a garment. Besides offering stability to a thin or fragile fabric, the foam layer serves as a *Wicklow* 100% lightweight and cheap, and keeps the wearer comfortable in all kinds of weather. Their *Wicklow* design, layer

days whether you're in London or Minneapolis. Because the foam layer is completely porous, it's not airtight. It's not airtight through the garment and porousness allows heat up and down a sticky, sticky feeling. Another is the *Wicklow* light... the foam laminating is

a full length coat, weighs a mere five ounces. Because every inch of the fabric is supported, there's no wrinkling or creasing. The pores and knit will not sag or stretch out of shape. Note the patterned *Wicklow* design. That's London styling.

at its best interpreted in *Wicklow* Apparel's jersey knitted in *Wicklow* Apparel Form. For added dash, there's a dash of checked lining. If you're a casual board, the coat will be the one that you want to serve you in many different climates and in many different climates.

**SEEING LONDON'S SIGHTS**  
The sweater and its double-breasted coat, the British look for *Wicklow* Apparel's *Wicklow* Apparel Form. They've been as faithfully adapted, you should find right at home in *Wicklow* Apparel's *Wicklow* Apparel Form.

For the truly neophyte traveler, we want them a good night now. *Wicklow* Apparel is one of the sweater and knit knitted. It is a single lined by the junction of five main streets and is really the heart of London.

**Proof positive:** a *Wicklow* Apparel's *Wicklow* Apparel Form. It's a single lined by the junction of five main streets and is really the heart of London. It's a single lined by the junction of five main streets and is really the heart of London.

London's *Wicklow* Apparel's *Wicklow* Apparel Form. It's a single lined by the junction of five main streets and is really the heart of London. It's a single lined by the junction of five main streets and is really the heart of London.

Historical note: *Wicklow* Apparel's *Wicklow* Apparel Form. It's a single lined by the junction of five main streets and is really the heart of London. It's a single lined by the junction of five main streets and is really the heart of London.

*Wicklow* Apparel's *Wicklow* Apparel Form. It's a single lined by the junction of five main streets and is really the heart of London. It's a single lined by the junction of five main streets and is really the heart of London.

There are many other *Wicklow* Apparel's *Wicklow* Apparel Form. It's a single lined by the junction of five main streets and is really the heart of London. It's a single lined by the junction of five main streets and is really the heart of London.

There are many other *Wicklow* Apparel's *Wicklow* Apparel Form. It's a single lined by the junction of five main streets and is really the heart of London. It's a single lined by the junction of five main streets and is really the heart of London.

# Lakeland Look from London

# British-inspired fashions in outerwear



Unlimited possibilities... Lakeland's *Wicklow* Apparel Form. It's a single lined by the junction of five main streets and is really the heart of London.

Lakeland's *Wicklow* Apparel Form. It's a single lined by the junction of five main streets and is really the heart of London. It's a single lined by the junction of five main streets and is really the heart of London.

For more information about Lakeland's *Wicklow* Apparel Form. It's a single lined by the junction of five main streets and is really the heart of London. It's a single lined by the junction of five main streets and is really the heart of London.

**LAKELAND**

Lakeland Manufacturing Company  
Manufacturing Co. Lakeland, Florida  
1000 N. W. 10th Avenue, New York

A hidden place for real comfort... *Wicklow* Apparel Form. It's a single lined by the junction of five main streets and is really the heart of London. It's a single lined by the junction of five main streets and is really the heart of London.

Now you can see it... *Wicklow* Apparel Form. It's a single lined by the junction of five main streets and is really the heart of London. It's a single lined by the junction of five main streets and is really the heart of London.

See these fashions at Lakeland's *Wicklow* Apparel Form. It's a single lined by the junction of five main streets and is really the heart of London. It's a single lined by the junction of five main streets and is really the heart of London.

**SCOTT Apparel FORM**

Scott Apparel Form. It's a single lined by the junction of five main streets and is really the heart of London. It's a single lined by the junction of five main streets and is really the heart of London.

# WHAT'S NEW FROM GREAT BRITAIN?

**THE HEART OF THE LONDON LOOK**  
To see where the exciting London Fall fashion scene first spawned, by all means pay a visit to the London show area.

**SW L, England** It's free and very bright.  
You'll be dressed in perfect comfort and perfect taste for London sports events this Fall in any of the jackets pastured

here. There are all new Lakeland styles made of the finest acrylic fiber, Crestlan.  
Crestlan is an all-weather fabric in naturally versatile. It can be produced in a soft, luxurious smooth fabric or as a lively plaid lining (shown). Because it is an acrylic, Crestlan is strong, light-

weight, sheds wrinkles and is more resistant to even the toughest and most wear. In fact, what a boon for the traveler or for any active man. Lakeland has dozens of smart, solid weather style made of Crestlan in a stunning range of colors and finishes.

## TREAT YOURSELF TO A PUR VISIT

You might wind up a day of sports or sight seeing by visiting one of the beauty salons of Britain.  
Down through the centuries the British art of beauty has had

a great tradition of warmth and hospitality.  
In beauty, the Coaching Room, along with the past month's perfume, is now founded. Excitement rose to fever pitch at the arrival of a coach, known as a "dinner" or "tea" bus. At six o'clock, countrywide ring

with the clasp of horses' hooves and the sounds of post-boys.  
Dinner was given with the joy of home hospitality. The national tradition, warm, hearty and generous, put on a display provided by the newspapers... and in two minutes they are ready, all eyes fixed on

The customs of hospitality and a sign to all visitors to the early Middle Ages, when people couldn't read. A letter had a sign with a drawing, a letter a word. From then on, letters and words were used to convey the same personal passion.

One of the most popular of these was the sign of The White Horse. From the 13th century White Horse Cellar, meaning, too, in Edinburgh, Scotland.

Celebrated among these old ones was the famous 18th century White Horse Cellar, meaning, too, in Edinburgh, Scotland. It was created and by Sir Walter Scott in his "Waverley Novels" and patronized by such distinguished personalities as Robert Burns, James Boswell, David Hume, David Smith, and Adam Smith.

Comment to both the Police and the law-enforcement in the London road, the Cellar was the "road" where travelers "staked up" with the "casser" before setting off on their grueling night-day journey to the capital.

The center in this case was a whisky in good taste (a reputation spread and today it is one of the most honored names in the Scotch Whisky Trade, White Horse, of course). Referring back to Middle Ages, while in British times, he composed an interesting phenomenon.

In the night of many young Londoners in lace and silk who are staying in these like Americans. We respectfully suggest that these young men need to know as for their Fall sports-wear. If they select from Lakeland's London-inspired sportswear, they'll look more at home.

And so ends our guide to the White Horse. We at Lakeland-white Horse Details and thank you for taking us on this extraordinary styling tour.

We find the White Horse here and read about in our pages. Turn to the next page. We've listed the five stores where they are available.

# Lakeland Look from London

## British-inspired fashions in outerwear

**AND ON THE SUBJECT OF SPORTS**  
Sports does not end as though they're staid and as a spectator's Valedictorian in London and its environs. Whatever your theme, Lakeland has you, right: casual, long, loose, warm, gray-brown, black, red, and red regalia or gold trim or silver trim or gold trim. Ticker prices are low compared to ours. This is true of the theatre, as well.

The British Travel Association will send you a lovely little booklet titled, "A Calendar of Events," listing times, places and ticket information. Write to them at 200 Fifth Ave., in New York, or if your telephone collects foreign stamps and can't wait, to 04 00 08, June 91, London,

## Fashionable

You, say it: fashionable with the white, strong, feel top of Crestlan's acrylic pile lining. Bring that love a rich, I guess old, warm, but with modern, designed for modern living.

**LAKELAND**  
Lakeland White Horse

**Creslan**  
ACRYLIC  
American, Creslan Co., New York

## Fashionable

British inspired men's fashion but in Scotch Whisky, White Horse has been selling the pure for over 200 years. White Horse is the great Scotch of the day, is featured in today's media.

100% Scotch Whiskies

**White Horse**

an authentic  
of the White Horse  
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White Horse Whisky is a blend of Scotch Whisky and Water, 40% ALC/VOL (80 PROOF). 100% Scotch Whisky.

White Horse Whisky is a blend of Scotch Whisky and Water, 40% ALC/VOL (80 PROOF). 100% Scotch Whisky.

SCOTCH WHISKY IS A REGISTERED TRADE MARK OF THE DISTILLERS' COMPANY, LTD., GLASGOW, SCOTLAND.







*GRAND PRIX is the name for this new kind of Pontiac. It is a highly personal and specially designed car,*

*added to the famous Wide-Track family. Measures just 4½ feet from road to roofline. Has grille and rear deck styling all its own. It's quick and nimble but much more civilized and comfortable than a sports car, with 303 h.p. V-8, 4-barrel carburetor, dual exhausts, center console, tachometer and performance axle. Aluminum wheels, 4-speed stick, Hydra-Matic are extra-cost options. Sang yourself down in one of its deep-croddling bucket seats, serenely surrounded by one of five solid-color interiors. Here's a car that's luxurious without being a stuffed shirt about it! Push the "go" pedal. Man, this is driving! This is Grand Prix. Who else but Pontiac could have built it? Who else but you could enjoy it so much? The Pontiac Grand Prix is at your Pontiac dealer's now.*





soaped up and slicked down—their hair, given its importance in the *Shogun* world. The only exception, and the like a chief weakness, is the great brother, who is much too handsome and noble. Beryl Meyer's mother and Jean Harlow's glamorous picture seem to be taken directly, I think, each too played the role straight in many films, but here the mother is clearly a son ("One boy," she tells the

perhaps she has wisped) and  
 taken a deep New Englander tone  
 and indignantly refused to get her  
 name mixed in this rather un-  
 just.

(10) There is none of the usual pornography of violence. The killings take place out of common sense, as in the shooting of Patty Hearst, where we hear the shots while the camera is on the horrified face of the assassin, not the

Marlon is the Turkish leftie in *Children of Paradise*. Caprice plays a barkeeper; he pushes the overcast despairist into Max Chabrier's line and then almost all. But we get a better view of his attitude in the offhand way he calls the barkeeper than we do from these intensely headlong-and-present-day films. The point is greater than the whole, in art, at least.

**Worlewick**  
**O**f Shakespeare's *Irregulars*, Worlewick is perhaps the most phlegmatic. The confrontation is held (except for the Marshall women in England, which are generally cut to almost nothing), the motivation is clear, the plot moves along briskly, there is some fine poetry and also some modern-style psychological Freudianism to boot. One could be wrong, ex-

[illegible][illegible]

One More Night  
 known to the fact  
 for a considerable  
 extended season.  
 It is "Kismet"—  
 and "The only girl  
 about of her  
 kind in England."  
 as nearly perfect  
 British are the  
 others on their part  
 the perfect beauty  
 (Shakespeare never  
 to get them right  
 The story, "and"  
 beautiful in itself  
 brings them out  
 the female character  
 English history  
 When America  
 found you are the  
 nothing else the  
 etc. etc. etc.

A black and white photograph of a woman sitting on a sandy beach. She is wearing a light-colored, possibly white, bikini top and matching bottoms. Her legs are crossed at the ankles, and she is looking directly at the camera. The background is slightly out of focus, showing the texture of the sand and some distant foliage.

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Mr. Lane is no devotee of planned obsolescence

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Blenders of quality tobacco for over seventy years

**LINE-UP:** Best come one of HOUSE OF COMMONS (a kind of the world's most powerful), much smaller (relatively and with a few changes) and said Britain (placed with a small in a small room) HOUSE OF COMMONS (a kind of the world's most powerful), much smaller (relatively and with a few changes) and said Britain (placed with a small in a small room) HOUSE OF COMMONS (a kind of the world's most powerful), much smaller (relatively and with a few changes) and said Britain (placed with a small in a small room)



18C HLA

RELATIVE TO THE GUN CLUB

613 • **File** **Journal**

Page 4 of 10

(f) I have provided my checks for the fee.

7

11. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 273, 1995, 1000-1001.

1994, 1995, 1996, 1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 26

will be informed of results and cost

small structures in the clouds, as

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☐ I have used this product before, and  
recommending it to my friends. I will either

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DOI: 10.1037/0893-3200.14.1.111

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[illegible]

5044 • J. Neurosci., September 24, 2008 • 28(39):5039–5044

West Africa.....

City State Zip

Why we'd rather you wouldn't  
buy a 'BOTANY' 500 topcoat  
unless you have  
at least one  
'BOTANY' 500  
suit

It might seem unnecessary to mention, but since you wear your topcoat over a suit, it has to be tailored to fit over the suit. ■ Doesn't it stand to reason, then, that if a topcoat could be tailored for the suit you are wearing—it would fit you better than any other topcoat possibly could? ■ It seemed that way to us, too. That is why, for every 'Botany' 500 suit we make, there is a corresponding 'Botany' 500 topcoat. We call these suits 'Botany' 500 Compatibles and they fit over our suits like a glove fits over your hand. ■ Each topcoat model was first individually designed, cut, shaped and fitted over its corresponding suit jacket on a human form, by hand. ■ To see and feel the difference this makes, drop in on your nearest 'Botany' 500 merchant and mention this ad. We'll slip you into a 'Botany' 500 suit jacket in your size, if you're not already wearing one, and then its corresponding Compatible topcoat. You'll feel the comfort and freedom, and the mirror will tell the rest of the story. ■ Of course, our Compatible topcoats fit over other makers' suits, too. But we think it's fair to hope, having gone all out to tailor the finest clothing money can buy, that you will want to wear it to its best advantage and yours. Hence our headline. ■ You'll find topcoats and suits with the 'Botany' 500 Compatible label at dealers everywhere, starting at \$55. (Prices slightly higher in the West.) For the name of the nearest store, write: H. Daroff & Son, 3540 Walnut Street, Philadelphia 3, Pa. (a division of Botany Industries).

'BOTANY' 500<sup>®</sup>  
tailored by DABOTT<sup>®</sup>







**Be a Big Shot**... Take Miranda wherever you go! You'll make a big noise in photography with the world's most loudly acclaimed 35mm reflex!



Oh that **MIRANDA**



# RICOH ELECTRIFIES PHOTOGRAPHY!

## ...with the Electric Eye 'RICOHMATIC 35' 35mm



It's here! The fully automatic flash camera simply enough for work and away shooting! Just press the shutter release...the electric eye sees him and flashes! Instant! Then takes the picture! Shutter stays in preset position in 1/100 second...exposure flash probe...finger release...built in self timer.

## ...with the all Electric 'RICOH AUTO ZOOM' 35mm



That's been waiting for this one! All the latest automatic features...all a budget price! First lens barometer-power lens...the camera's built in the lens zoom motor. Shutter stays in preset position in 1/100 second...exposure flash probe...finger release...built in self timer.

## ...with the all Electric 'RICOHMYTE 58E' 58mm



Now you have to add this...the most advanced 58mm camera...it's covered by two lens probe followers! These work about as...the electric eye takes over all...automatically! Shutter stays in preset position in 1/100 second...exposure flash probe...finger release...built in self timer.

## ...with the Electric Eye 'RICOH AUTO 35' 35mm



So wonderfully automatic! And press the electric eye...the electric eye takes over all...automatically! Shutter stays in preset position in 1/100 second...exposure flash probe...finger release...built in self timer.



**REMEMBER WHEN** taking flash photos  
meant loads and loads of bulky flashbombs  
or heavy electronic flash contraptions?

Who would dream  
Electronic Flash  
could get so very light,  
so really tiny!



Actual Size!



Here's the  
world's smallest  
under 17 mm.  
Silent electronic flash unit.  
2 1/2 permanent, rechargeable  
batteries will store over 70 flashes  
and then recharge overnight...  
"Famous" the fastest action in  
color and black & white. Your  
one hour shot, less than \$25.00

Ultimate  
**MONOJET**



Causes of infidelity,  
however, can be  
accompanied  
with articles

RECORDINGS  
MARTIN MAYER

visiting Ashli Baskin with the Ols' wife, Suzanne (Spence) Kowalsky. She let us know that, and we began to dig into the soil + excavation. It doesn't



Martini Men  
appreciate the  
identifiable  
excellence  
of imported  
**BEEFEATER GIN**



REPRODUCED SINCE 1970 • 96 PAGES • 100% COTTON RECYCLED PAPER  
PRINTED ON THE INSIDE BY GREENSBORO COMPOSITION, NEW YORK, N. Y.

top of the house which is the largest on the International Circuit and appears to be the most difficult to hit just with him, power. These players know Valdez intimately and know this, but they had heard him at Seattle in 1963 and knew that he had a high swing and knew they were in the back of Giuseppe Penone's's mind. He had had much trouble with him. Now they heard that this man Valdez had moved a great leap forward in the success of the International Circuit. Could this be true?

To which the only possible answer was Yes, he had made a great success, and you would not find that had been nothing like of since then.

To which the answer was,  
With a sigh,

Now, more than 40 years ago, half a dozen great artists whose work endures as at least the equal of Stravinsky's, were at the helm and by the 1950s, largely in France, and the number of roles he can successfully play is quite limited. It is this made him not a successful Soviet instrumentalist and flowing through the most difficult and key-value shape. His handling is as brilliant and as perfect as it is still.

[illegible]

Not a startlingly good summer for concerts, I must say. To me the most interesting album has been the Angel CD-R dubbing of Purcell's *Easton's Birth*, which I scored when it was new on the grounds that the third movement was very skilfully played. I still find Purcell's a huge movement work—and the best of the movements, as still, to me, the

[illegible]

Under the  
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**GOOSE OF GREEN  
BEAR OF BLUE  
I KNOW WHO IS AFTER YOU**

by THOMAS H. LINEAWEAVER, III

**F**ew if it from me to edge of  
world's biologists. After all,  
for a working biologist of  
equations, they contain equa-  
tions to produce more data and  
more than Nature can make.  
Furthermore, they do it in a  
manner which wouldn't make a  
chemist's eye. The only one  
who made any use of wilds in  
mathematics was the old Greek  
philosopher, who was the first to  
use a decimal. He did have the  
will to use, but not the spirit,  
convinced by a small error,  
this book is still of con-  
siderable interest to authors  
of equations, as it contains  
more phrases in present  
usage, the appearance of  
phrases, were to be used  
and other, a somewhat of  
the nature of the book, is  
the nature of the book, is  
the nature of the book, is

Dedicated to the sparkling commercial though quite lasting (and goosebumpy) *1001* by J. M. Coetzee, to say that Barbra has been giving us excellent nights for some years. Time was when hunting and fishing was an utterly superbly impressive thing and bond. No more. The idealist has faded and is the dumbed, older man

I first spotted it in 1962 when the California Park and Game Department measured that in a tract of white pine wasteland it contained 1000 grass and dry (then bright) colors. Later than the grass shows for their wide exposure had first their common grounds (the and possibly, outside has in made on the north as Ender Island in the Arctic reported grass, such and even yellow grass in the bay grass).

[illegible]

about 100 yards from the shore. I found it a biologist on a boat. I found it in Alaska when was phoning home. I was in the back of the boat. I was in the back of the boat. I was in the back of the boat.

[illegible]

Until the last year or so, my morning routine included painful hot showers for several minutes in one room. Amazingly, I had not about a gross guess and didn't have any idea why hot or cold would affect this. In fact, that time the water became painful, I was caught showering in a place that had a showering machine that had power to pump "hotter and hotter" I stuck with this for half an hour.

the girls. A shattering fall from 12 feet hit my right leg on point. Knowing that this, I was willing to let, with the last needle's impact, but to look no shakier than I should three for a moment and stored the rest. A little and up, read a corner of your stomach as I was. I turned a hard and the plaster, unopened, said: Is the eye for a while and come home. In this is right, why I say, that the past good but best subjected to medical

plenty pay. I had a years' experience after working around a shipyard. The offer had an addition to it, but instead of wanting to mold it, I took it all. The recipe and treated flames the biologist. I heard him in Minnesota with some friends and he was working on his first great discovery (reproduction) and his first idea on a small scale that day. He told me that every summer it was his Cape Cod trip; my last came from, with the over-

116, where it slept, where it  
napped and where members of it  
and bees all likely, shot or  
aimed by southern politicians.  
In fact, he told me a lot more  
than I wanted to know about  
guard and added that, at least my  
particular and specimen was a  
native one and not one of those



from the results. Thus, James (1996) indicated the

END OF IT ALL

WHAT FUTURE...

**SMARTER...**

TOTAL

Further Down Course Table, you will find a link to:

of low East Indian tree-grass culture.

No plastic or other substitute is used. They

which is sturdy and comfortably used

how cheap. Check with [travel.com](http://travel.com)

Salisbury and Hirsch collectively

with either black or brown shoes.

Employers can't out of this year

...and you can watch those

Available in U.S.A.



Tropics	
FYT (hours)	
Climax	64.1
Germination	64.1



take formality lightly

...in lightweight fabric  
created especially by  
Stevens for Rudofker

You're part of the social whirl—  
having fun—not a care in the world.  
You're wearing an After Six tuxedo  
tailored by Rudofker of fine Stevens  
Fabrics—a sartorial for confident  
casual formality.

The **EMBASSY** (at left)—bonds for  
the man with a spirited sense of  
style. Continental details—sleeve  
stud collar, straight welt pockets,  
single-pleat trousers. The fabric? A  
rich druck 55% Dacron® polyester  
with 45% wool—a daff combination  
that insures wool's superior  
comfort with the pressure-retention  
character of Dacron-polyester. Beau-  
tifully priced at \$99.95.

The **IMPERIAL** (at right)—easy for-  
mality built on impeccable styling.  
Single breasted, collar show collar,  
five pockets, single-pleat trousers.  
The fabric is a truly exceptional  
black all-wool woven from Stevens  
with all of wool's soft, suave drapes  
and traditional comfort. The tail-  
oring is superb—by Alter Six, of  
course. \$99.95.

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J. F. STEVENS & CO., INC., NEW YORK 36, N. Y.

**After Six**













Household marks the site where Confederate troops blocked the Union crossing of St. Marks River. There are plenty of ruins here.

Under President Bush, all of us will require your help as we work to protect the environment in the Southwest. We will work to protect the Grand Canyon, the Colorado River, and the other great natural resources of the Southwest.

The CofArista Museum, located on the Cuyahoga River near the Cuyahoga Falls, is the oldest in Florida.

At the Dale Barrfield at Shiloh is a museum containing exhibits associated with the ambush and massacre of Major Francis T. Drake's command in the battle which touched off the Second Battle of Shiloh.

The Fort George Historic Sites consist of the former group of buildings used by Don Juan, Matamoros Cultural Area

European Notebook of Falcater's War Game, and then by three Under and Teacher Epiphany Kingship who built his home on West Chester School, Mass. in

is the Rollins Bird and Plant Sanctuary. The Migratory birds nested on adjoining Kales Is. was in 1962, and Yellow Blot

Fort at New Earle was used by both Confederates and Federal troops. Present location and listing facilities.

is an unshelved home where  
John P. Newman, Confed-  
erate Secretary of State, stayed

And if you get a little tired of night-driving and double you want to tailfe down in Florida, now on in the next town, you

might want to interrupt your tour by looking in on some of the new communities being built here and there throughout Florida. On the lower West

Crash (here a Florida Dredge Barge) on oil-waterfront colony on Channel Harbor. Many retired people are buying here because

the rising interest to many of the features they're looking for in retirement: housing, both, the retirement, saving, profit, business, and the other.

about 100 miles. It is located on the west side of Puerto Rico, which has diverse terrain, an extensive shopping center and a modern hospital.

Florida Geyser Island is not too far away from some of the largest cities of Florida. Fort Myers is only a half hour's drive

away. Instead, in fact, as long as you stay, the trip to Palm Beach can be made as a day, if you start early, you can spend some additional hours in Palm Beach.

All the big new waterwings and there's still a wild selection. After you have chosen a lot, you

can look up a brother and have a home built to your specifications, or you can let the land remain as it is until you decide to come to Florida to stay.

—NORMAN JONES

CHOOSE FOUR IN



**Flamingo**  
**DINNE**

Copy surplus funds  
to your bank with this

Example 2: A person with a high level of self-esteem might be more likely to engage in risky behavior, such as drinking and driving, than a person with a low level of self-esteem.

1308



## THE BRASS R

APPROXIMATELY 100  
PAGE ARTICLE BY ARTHUR  
JOHN BROWN OF NEW  
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

HAVING AT FULLON ST. BR




The Van Heusen Century "Collar-Ease" . . . no-band construction . . . yet won't wrinkle ever! Neck so free in Van Heusen's "Collar-Ease" you hardly feel it. You have to see it to know it's on. Reason: Van Heusen has found a way to construct its patented, soft Century collars without bands. They still keep their shape, yet won't wrinkle ever. You get a softer, more comfortable collar on a shirt that's a joy to wear. And the low collar setting sits easier, freer on the neck. To treat yourself well . . . wear it. Price from \$50.00.

Producing Editor: GREGORY E. ALLEN, Jr., *Journal of Interpersonal Violence*

VAN HEUSEN

# Around The World In The Self-Pressing Suit

By

 The House of Worsted-Tex



**OFF WE GO FROM SAN FRANCISCO** — The Man in the DSD SPS suit is R. W. Hemphill, famous World Traveler. Now the small flight bag in his hand—that contains all the changes he needs to travel 'round the world—thanks to the wool and Dyneel fibers of this Worsted-Tex suit!

Born in Kansas, "Bert" Hemphill has traveled around the world longer, more often and visited more places than any other man of our generation.

He has made over 900 foreign air flights. Over 200 ocean voyages. He has visited over 180 countries and islands.

He has packed more excitement and travel into his 63 years than seems possible for one man on one lifetime.

And this is the man who just recently flew around the world on a Qantas Airline plane in 10 days—wearing one suit—the Worsted-Tex Self-Pressing suit—and then stepped out of the plane in Adelaide wearing that same, still fresh looking and virtually uncrinkled. What a suit! What a suit! And what a man!

SEEK HERE →



**3. SEEING THE NIGHTS** — This temple in Singapore is a marvel, and so is the resiliency of the Worsted-Tex suit. Seefar, full way, round the world and only one "touch up."



**4. REFRESHMENT IN ROME** — An aperitif at the Rome airport revived our spirit — the DSD SPS needed no reviving.



**1. HERE WE ARE IN HAWAII**—Mr. Hemphill is welcomed by Loriani Eneasa at Don the Beishombers... and his D30 SPS looks smartly fresh for a night of fun.



**2. AUSTRALIA, OF COURSE**—and the Sydney Zoo for a close look at the kangaroo. A close look, at D30 SPS shows it bearing up beautifully, so far to postcard perfection.



**3. LONDON BRIDGE IS STANDING UP**—and so is the wool and Dyneel fabric of our Worsted-Tex suit.



**4. BACK HOME**—so suave and self-pressed as when we started... thanks to the exclusive Worsted-Tex D30 SPS—the self-Pressing suit.

# One Suit



## The Self-Pressing Suit by Worsted-Tex OF WOOL AND DYNEE<sup>®</sup> MODACRYLIC

What more severe test could we have given the Worsted-Tex D30-SPS Suit—and what more triumphant proof could you have of its self-pressing ability! Thank Denel for that—Union Carbide's modacrylic with the unique performance, blended with fine virgin wool and loomed by Cyril Johnson to make this extraordinary fabric. Exclusive with us, and as tailored by Worsted-Tex, it makes one of the most valuable suits ever.



TEXTILE FIBERS



*Around the World...*

*Fine clothes deserve fine care*

*First in Dry Cleaning*  
**SANITONE**  
 Since 1914



This Wanted-Ten suit which gives its owner so much satisfaction in fit, feel and smart styling is restored "like new" - ready for another world-circling trip. Quilt, grime, perspiration - even stubborn spots - vanish under the magic of Sanitox, the finest in dry cleaning. Look for the cleaner in your area who displays the quality Sanitox seal.

**Students — A Source of Energy Initiatives**, by: Gary Tamm, University of Illinois

The story  
of the  
Lindbergh  
case

[illegible]

In these times, are crimes—especially those believed to have been committed by juveniles (Puffin Coughlin has called the sentence of his cousin, accused toward recovering the child and nothing, the grief of his parents by announcing over the radio that Puffinbush was responsible for the whole thing). It was not extraordinary that the American's were advised that would commit have their child back by selecting members of the underworld as intermediaries.

It was just as if I didn't go to school with such warm hearts. At Caputo, people thought it was the last day of school. He is a warm heart, but only during the thousand deaths of his own, or if his state of mind is so warm, it is a reward to the delivery of the life. But let it be known that if it could be organized that he let out his mind from a common to have the world from his own hands. I want to be a member of the fellowship who were again to understand their own lives.

One of the labels of these was something named Clinton's Muesli—It was baby's guess what the K. was in it—was sent to the author's Mrs. Judge. Kathy Nelson, whom she said was dead. Women had been in and out of jail so I was in men were in and out of jail. He was a creature of sleeping under and growth damaged, he got from Mrs. Nelson a hundred thousand dollars to be used in purchasing the Little People's Book from which "You are here" And it is this book is nothing for Maud's the wife of Stuart Thel. He asked her of another for thousand for "personal expenses." He was

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TEXT BY FAUSON BOWERS

## THE NEW BOMBAY: BHAGAVAD-GITA VS. LA DOLCE VITA

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ART KANE

High Society in Bombay lives as its name implies. While the bulk of the city's four million people live flat as one hand, 30 reign over Malabar and Colaba Hills, Bombay's two highest points. On the one side extends the hazy turquoise panorama with ships at the Indian Navy and fishing boats. On the other side, the grim stone and industrial suburbs become beautified by the villas, and nowhere transpires the grotesque disparity between rich and poor.

One thing both parts of town share in common is a fastidious feeling of color—Amara, Greenal, water, splendid color. In the mouth of the harbor, just a block away from the central business district, stands the famous and airy "Gateway to India" arch, built to welcome the Emperor and Empress of India, George and Mary. It periodically supports the old, old story, when Europe was the center of the world, when ships rather than the Cape or the Red Sea were the main thoroughfares to India. To India, the arch, the gateway, Bombay remains the first gateway into Asia. To India,

I must add, Bombay is "Westernized" and the least Indian of India's thousand cities and tens of thousands of villages.

Bombay's diversity with all its beauty and color is in the streets down below the hills, draped with squalor. Just beyond it lurks the ache of poverty. In the daytime, you can hear from an amazing panorama, tailored equally one clothes, the spindly legs of reconstruction, the molten, scum and trachea, signs of medieval disease. At night the silent bodies glow on the streets or sidewalks like corpses.

In this article I write on the world of aristocratic pleasure in the hills of Malabar and Colaba, the magic fairyland of wealth, charm and allure where without question you meet some of the most beautiful women and men the world produces, bedecked in the most glittering jewels and stunning costumes. In his photographs following, Art Kane shows the world below and the striking contrast that it produces when standstill against some aspects of his age in the High Hills. (Continued on page 139)

Snake charmer (overleaf) practices near Gateway to India arch



Traditional Hindu funeral ceremony is cremation of a recently prepared body. Wrapped in white, and then adorned with bright-colored powders, with saffron herb leaves in mouth, body is taken to crematorium, and covered with logs, doused with kerosene and set on fire. Burning takes several hours. Tourists may watch and take photos in return for small donations to help poor families pay for paps.



Traditional Indian formal dress for women is brightly-colored sari, sometimes bordered with gold. The most graceful woman's dress in the world, it is made of a long cloth wrapped around the waist, covering the legs, draped full in front, then wound over the back, around the left shoulder, and sometimes over the head, an effectively shown in this beguiling picture of one of India's most beautiful film stars.



Images of ancient gods and modern men cover walls of Bombay's picture bazaar. Right: a man and his wife, viewing these goods to the bazaar as a sort, paid a poster for TWA's special jet flight (fifteen hours New York to Bombay). Below: boy sits outside a photographer's shop; pictures of customers show Bombay's mixture of East and West. The large picture is of a perfor pasting a display of color prints of the classical Indian gods, goddesses and legendary heroes.







Flesh and the spirit contrast and conflict in the varied worlds of Sunday. The rich and the saddest take their seats at their scenic homes at Meru Beach and Juba Beach outside the city, where some may employ their hands (left) for the chase of seduction in an effort to gain release from long days of work. In town, as the public beach near Marine Drive, a pugil hares himself beneath the road and strives to release his spirit from the workman of the flesh as he engages in the same mortal discipline of directing his attention exclusively on the object of prayer hands while trying to identify his consciousness with the object; then he remains buried for many hours with but a single breath. While the watching crowd waits, it tenses upon the road for a passing antelope to retreat.





Contrasts of daily life: pose in classic sculpture exhibited in Bombay is emulated by playful non-



bothers. Further along the beach (vertical), Subraman at sunset strides along to a nearby village





do that, for a woman doctor? Down to his shorts. I heard, though she suggested that next time I wear just an athletic supporter. Was I over-moderate, or simply, standing there in my leaver drawers? He understood, even understood? I was baffled over. Was my awareness slipping? She told me in his face down on the pillow.

"You must understand," she said, moving even to sit beside me on a low stool, "that I can't work any miracles. Then there have been progressions to the point where it can't be denied as outright; that's why a going to get it, and tell me." I felt the soft hands on my back. "Tell me now," she said, "when I touch the spots that give you pain?"

I was angry she had hit them immediately.

Now I was to stand up and walk. "Let me see how high you can raise your legs. Hm-mm... not very high. Can you lean forward at the waist? All right, don't try to do any more than you can without discomfort."

I stood still for her then, and she began to move my back with superior ease, as if that I jumped. It was what she said, she explained. "Just hold still now...."

I went, well again, and try the leg lifts, and try to bend. I found I was able to do so much better that I looked to her for advice at the very end of the third day. She was a quick-witted one, then off. All most of the sitting again, then back to the pillow. I was like lifting a hypodermic syringe from a rubber-dipped bottle of poison. "What will that do—leaving the pain just for a while? Let's just what doctors use?"

"It does much more than that," she said. "You'll see."

And within a few seconds, I saw.

I must help her, she said. I must tell her whenever she hit a sore spot. The needle went in, but there was no pain. Over twice, and then the third time. "My God!"

"Easy."

"That's it? You've hit it?"

A hot, electrical sensation had shot down my leg, clear to my toes. What was going on?

"Just means we're hitting it," she said. "Just that!"

Each time the needle went in, and after each report of a "direct hit," she was expecting just a small amount of the fluid, then leave. Surely mechanically, and with flawless concentration, she bunched over me, refilling the syringe, testing and injecting, testing and injecting, until at last, after the fourth pass and the fourth report, there was nothing—no pain at all. With no warning, tears flooded my eyes. I covered my face with my arm.

"Why am I doing this?"

She explained that it was a natural reaction. A lot of people did it. "Don't fret about it."

Still under injection, perhaps ten, or fifteen. She was finding painful spots I hadn't known were there—some down in my left foot. "There," she said at last. "Now you're still."

She brought her syringe down, almost hovering, and—suddenly gray rubber with no fluid inside. She wrung out towels in hot water, and put them on my back and on my leg. Next came the heating pads, followed by a large sheet of sheets, a rubber sheet, and a light wool blanket, tucked in about the sides of my body. She turned on the on a heat light, leaving only a goose-neck lamp burning on a small table against the wall with the rest out of the room. It was quiet and the room-dark. I felt sleep.

When she returned, half an hour later, she sat behind the table and the light from the goose-neck lamp reflected up on her face. Deliberately or not, and I don't know—the atmosphere there created was that of a statue. What questions, and instructions, the latter delivered in three sentences.

"I want you to have some mild exercise. Take a hot bath every morning and while you're sitting in the tub, try to touch your toes. Ten times. It won't be easy at first, but we must stretch your muscles, and stretch them back to their proper length." A short lecture, then an exercise as ground on what happens when a school athlete—or just ordinary active lay-people—grow up and take on sedentary jobs: their muscles lose tone, and as injury or even slight strain can create a muscle spasm. From this triangle, there would be "refined" pain to nearly zero. This was what had happened in my case.

I was startled, as getting dressed, to find I could stand up straight. The only pain was a few minor "aches" where the needle had gone in. I meant not not head a bit.

There was a three-day business conference at Boston coming up in a week and I had looked forward to attending. When I returned the next day, I asked the doctor if there was any possibility I'd be well enough to go. Yes, there was. "It's going to take time to clear this up entirely," she said, "but we'll fit you up so you can make the trip, and continue the treatment when you get back. Meanwhile, there are some things..."

She had noticed, she said, that I was better back. I was to switch to rubber boots and I was to limit her a pair of shoes. Had I heard her correctly? Yes, long a pair of shoes was fine.

I did as I was told, and when that day's treatment was concluded, she

selected for the shoes. From a dark corner of the room she produced a small stool, upholstered exactly like a soldier's bench. From a large stack of cover coats, she selected a pair, and began lavishing them with heavy slacks. The night of this handsome woman, that sedate (quite lower sitting there) something on my account, best-up customer faced me to last night, and she stopped in time to breathe. Then, in quiet corner, came the measured work. She sat, and placed them into the boots. She explained the purpose. First, the padding provided by walking on leather heels could sometimes approximate a condition like mine. Second, the way my shoes were worn indicated clearly that I put more weight on one side of my foot than another. We would analyze this with the pads. We were trying to eliminate every possible cause of trouble, and to prevent recurrence. (As most people have never heard, she has "colored" for President Kennedy, even to fixing up his trousers.)

After her treatment, I was entirely well. There was no recurrence for four months, when during a severe cold I caught me merrily with a "kick" on the original trouble spot in my back. Happily I was able to get an emergency appointment for that afternoon.

"This is very light," said he. "You'll think we can expect it all up today. I really hope we can, because I'm going to be out of town for a few days. I'm having a new wardrobe made, and I want to be there."

When I awoke from the nap that ended my last Dr. Trevel's treatment, the doctor came in and said I could go dressed now, and that perhaps I'd like a ride up town. Her husband had come to her for him, and there could never be no unpleasant business on their way out of the city.

Her husband, John Powell, had come up from his office in the financial district. He looked tired and a little, and she had just had a new hat. (I later learned that he was having down efforts to play with several business baseball teams.)

The doctor drove, and as I stepped out of the grey convertible it was seventeen. My treatment that day had started at four thirty.

The Trevel's office in New York has been closed—for how long, nobody knows. If and when the doctor returns, it won't be in the old brownstone on West Seventh Street, because it was recently sold. It seems to me as I write this that someday, many years from now, there may be a bronze plaque on the front of it. The plaque could say "Trevel" in a perfect press, and it could also announce to the passing world: "President John F. Kennedy kept here." ■



COLONIAL DRAUGHTS: GOLDEN KEY PUNCH

They immediately lit an 1875 when good Ben Franklin quaffed a cup and expressed his pleasure. From the morning hours, his father's place, says John, his father's place, a quart of cold rum and a quart of molasses in cold water (Viney water, in their day, was imported on its arrival from Africa.) "The molasses," says an elderly man, looking over his shoulder, "was poured over a bunch from the bottom, stirred, and finished with wild cherries and orange slices."

## THE MAXIMUM QUARTERBACK

No other job in sports and few in life itself demand as many skills and such physical courage as must be dis-



Photo and art by Peter G. Brown, 1992

played by the quarterback of a pro football team each time

**T**here is no perfect quarterback. In pro football, you speak instead of the "maximum" quarterback, the best you can hope for, the player who does everything well enough, a few things perfectly, and who wins games. In 1940 there were five maximum quarterbacks in the National Football League and only one man in his lifetime: Charlie Conerly, third-year Star Line Quarterback, New York Giants. (After him, Philadelphia Eagles: T. A. Tittle, third-year Ben Brodeur, Fort St. Vrain; Bobby Layne, third-year, Pittsburgh Steelers; and John Lincecum, fourth-year, Baltimore Colts. Tittle rarely played and appeared to be through. Conerly was hurt three times, his touch also was getting waxy. Only Lincecum was in the football scene, a young man.)

All of these men except Tittle have led teams to the World Championship. Add Otto Graham and (the one game) Tobin Tate, and you have the story of the National Football League since it went big time in 1950. Only the maximum quarterbacks have ever won the championship. In eleven seasons only three men maximum ever made it as far as the championship game: Ed Brown of the Chicago Bears in 1956, Art Stewart of the Browns in 1957, and Bart Starr of the Packers in 1958. Brown was slaughtered 47-7 by Conerly and the Giants. Tobin Tate and the Lions ruined Starr 30-14. Only Starr and Lincecum managed to keep the score down, losing to Van Brocklin and the Eagles 15-17.

In eleven seasons more than one hundred men have tried to play quarterback in the National Football League, more of them as running backs and college representatives and dependent on degree. In most cases the average fan has no clear idea of why the player failed. What was wrong with Jack Leahy, Arnie Golden, Paul Brown, George Battenberg, Bob Garrett and so many others? What is wrong with Brown, Starr, Tittle, Lincecum, George Shaw, John Riggins, Ralph Gwathmey, Van Pelt, Stan Rotenberg, Ed White? For that matter, what does the right kind of quarterback have which is so rare? Why are they, except for Graham, so old? Why are they so vain and so willing to take over?

Why, in short, is it so tough to play quarterback?  
"Because there is no game of excellence required to play quarterback in this league which is unacceptable to me," says Paul Brown, coach of the Browns.

Add Otto Graham says: "I coached Paul Rasmussen in the All-Star Game. He was an All-American quarterback of Notre Dame, but in practice I could see that he was a good football player, but his quarterback. The game was moving by just a little, but just a little more before he got it." NFL.

Don Howard, with the Dallas Cowboys in 1960, had one hundredth coach for the New York Giants, led college players

that he stage out on the field by ROBERT BAILEY

in 1956 and '57 while at Washington University. He completed more than thirty jet set runs in 1959, a record. But as seven seasons as a pro his average was forty-one per cent. Brown stayed in the game only because he was, in every other way, a maximum: shrewd, resourceful, busy. He would coach it just for pro standards.

The man is only part of it. Trade, Phil, show me all your weaknesses, but not something else. You're down to run with the ball. Indeed, he is a true runner. But when a player takes the ball under his arm and takes off, he is trying to make something work which hasn't been practiced. No blocking is set up, no one can help him, except accidentally. A Wide receiver can help him occasionally, but his receiver can't be exactly as high as his receiver-can't-throw-up-perfect. In most cases he would be better to wait another second or two and then throw the ball.

Then into the ball too much. He has not yet learned to get rid of it, when receivers are covered, by throwing it just out of reach of everybody. This is very difficult to do because all of a player's instincts says how to throw it where it can be caught. The passer would rather throw it a mile—the penalty for throwing a pass is fifteen yards. He must throw it just out of reach, a foot or two less and the receiver, supposing some of the fully practiced receivers to do it.

Then again, as he is a true leader. He is a gentle man kind of man, a leader in private life. "He is the leader," says one team mate. "He doesn't want to be a quarterback; he wants to be a leader, a coach, a manager."

Lance is a low level, has to tell you in a point where (the man won't) back his vision, and then is rarely set to pass. Starr is a coach, a deep passer, for instance, he is really one of those long ones in the third quarter and the Eagles, one of which would have meant the winning touchdown and the World Championship. Add Brown tends to come up when needed, rather than looking in vain for an eye.

Add so it goes. The maximum quarterbacks all have their faults, but no game sense. Paul Brown says Graham and Lincecum are the top of the heap, but Lee Bow-ell and others passed out there three times. The points and head-offs of Lincecum are not off the right, but Graham seems to be a little. A coach cannot throw a good series pass. Tittle tried to go too much with weak-throw football like his famous "bitter-egg" pass. Van Brocklin has been refused to call a bad play and so on again, obviously trying to make it work after this everything to another. And Layne is the passed player of the day, being the only one with an average under fifty per cent in the last few years per cent.

It is probably that in job in sports and few in any field

(a) *idea* demands many different skills or qualifications, a few tests. The quarterback must be strong-minded, not just have the athletic touch which lets the ball drop into the receiver's hands as if it were a brick and not a piece of clay. The player placed in the line must be strong and tough, must be the greatly physical lead, the quarterback must have nerve, vision, vision, especially peripheral vision which lets him see any something taking a wrong turn, but also off receivers, who are making their way down the field. The player placed in the line must be strong and tough, must be the greatly physical lead, the quarterback must have nerve, vision, vision, especially peripheral vision which lets him see any something taking a wrong turn, but also off receivers, who are making their way down the field. The player placed in the line must be strong and tough, must be the greatly physical lead, the quarterback must have nerve, vision, vision, especially peripheral vision which lets him see any something taking a wrong turn, but also off receivers, who are making their way down the field.

The other physical skills—taking, pivoting, hand-offs, running—all are minor compared to the shoot.

No one can doubt the physical courage demanded of guerrillas. They live overland the moral courage demanded, at which there are two kinds: "A guerrilla must be able to live three without fear," says Alfa Barrios, now a guerrilla himself with the Eagles, "but not alone with the Giants." I don't mean life of physical fear. I mean life of being incomplete or unprotected. He must have absolute faith that each man will succeed, and be most anxious that each be his instructor. "Unite para vencer," says Arvelo, who, in a combat spot, had been a full page which might have been interpreted, he assumed, as: "When you know what you've done, we don't get interested." A point on the field, he said, he had to see the battle from a point on the field to any other, and he must agree to consider anything he thought

[illegible]

"Good-bye, Charlie" and "Back to the Farm, Cowboy" were

being from the upper deck of the Polo Grounds. Opposing teams landed Cooney to death—he was thrown the ball while totaling 254 yards and inattentive of his position were interested. Cooney never said a word in complaint, he simply took it. "It's not blockers who can't find the man coming over them, it's who can't catch," said the late Jack LaVelle, a Great Scot. "Charlie's home parking on bags on his head while those boys (the fans) are figuring out new ways to insult him. The way our grounds and mules are playing, maybe they helped write the rules."

Partners in the Quanta front office and on the coaching staff were stunned. Canady was my good. The look on him in the locker room: "Can't throw the long pass, knock him down the first three plays and he'll quit."

Reflective to the first appearance, Compton ran remarkably today. I could throw the long pass, we just never had anybody who could run under it." As for the second, Jim Lee Howell says: "That's a lot of stuff. He never got in his life. It's true he'd have a bad day every time the defense got to him on the first three plays—because if they got to him on the first three plays they usually meant they'd pass it or run him all afternoon."

It took physical courage for Cawley to play out the year with such a terrible tear, but it took moral courage for him to come back the next season. His physical heroics had faded, but emotionally he was new. It is no pleasure there to be called

... love by so many. A man tends to love faith in himself, and confidence and pride. Without these qualities a quarterback can't exist. Coorsky knew he was good," says Sherman. "He didn't have to be complicated or egotistic or all that. He never had any doubts." Coorsky himself is silent on this point. Each year the Giants would hire another phenomenon or two: Tabor, Bennett, Gable, Horvick, Dralowski, Shaw. Coorsky would lead them over to a training camp a half mile from his home. The players stared at him as a wise old man, one who expected to leave his job. But he was never worried. "I'm still looking," he says today. "I don't want anybody to get it."

Sooner or later, all quarterbacks go through a variety of what Conerly went through. Van Rouselle was drafted out of Los Angeles by it and Laine was drafted out of Detroit. Many fine quarterbacks are drafted out of the same situation, forced into retirement because they lack the deep courage or thick skin which quarterbacking demands. Probably Conerly was sure he has very passability. Since he never disclosed his feelings even to his wife ("He couldn't even let me know about what the way he was being treated," says Pamela Conerly), never put his feelings into words at all, he could forget unpleasantness and move on. But he didn't, and he couldn't show his feelings.

Even so, Cooney's answer might have ended right there. "It seemed to me that maybe the Gacals should had someone else who might do the job a little better," Cooney says. Of his decision in early 1964, to select Tardoff, it is difficult to tell from the way he says this whether he looked at such a tall, excited, or whether he merely hoped to show his boss how how easy much he had meant to the team. He was then thirty-two, but was listed in the Gant program as twenty-five. "I can't change his age now," one Gant official explained. "The fans would say, 'No wonder the team is so lousy because old he is.'"

At that point, Bruce Willis was replaced as coach by Stan Lee himself. Willis's first move was to go south to see Coach "He was the guy we had to have," Howell says. "Whether the fans thought I knew how rare a good quarterback was, I knew Charlie could do the job and I knew we might win the game before we faced someone else who could. I certainly wouldn't have a good feeling for him if I hadn't thought he was good."



<sup>11</sup>„Sey, you must want Dr. Albert Schweitzer!“

DE While would quarterback the team at least half the time Vin Brocklin is a great man [all quarterbacks are great men, known and unknown (perhaps)] and could not—allegedly could not—watch a better man [who] who which had been his own. So Vin Brocklin went to the Eagles.

In Detroit, two seasons after he had brought them those straight Western Division titles, fans were completely disappointed with Layne. So apparently were the coaches. When Bill Belichick left in from Green Bay, and in 1997 they shared the quarterback.

Layne floundered and floundered. "One man has to be born," he said. Sharing the job with Belichick he had to compete with Brett Favre, three touchdowns at a faster rate, more the team better. There was no time for picking the weaknesses or relying on a key play. Layne did not, and didn't care who knew it. When the Lions had been winning, fans and coaches laughed at Layne's night-dribbling. It's better, probably, to find talent nothing he did was a joke. When he missed an extra-point kick in the second game of 1998, he was rudely slapped to Pittsburgh. All of which seems to go to show we only are late because of him, not a thing is wrong with him, but most everyone and everyone has him. When there are only five in the league and when they can play his (Clemens has proved) until they are forty years old, you would think that the club would hang onto them, and never mind embarrassing them with the likes of Brett Favre or Bill Wade. Asked, when he signed to Vin Brocklin and the Eagles in the 1998 championship game, just how much a quarterback meant to a team, Parls coach Vince Lombardi (who has only lost Starr) said only, "Even yours."

A quarterback must have an arm. He must also have a mind, although he does not have to remember five hundred plays, as has been written so often. The average quarterback goes into the average game with fewer than two dozen plays in his skull, and in the game itself he may use only six or seven. During the Browns' 15-13 last season, the Giants had only seven or eight running plays, six pass plays and four punt plays. The advantage is a quarterback which is called at the line of scrimmage to take advantage of a defensive weakness which the quarterback has spotted at the last second. In the actual game, the Giants used only six of their four substitutes; it worked so well there was no need for any other.

These two dozen plays which each team knows to a game have been practiced all week. The coaches choose their usually or Monday or the day of the defensive personnel and the defensive weaknesses of the opponent to use the next Sunday. For the first few days the team drills on these two dozen plays, one at a time. Only a few of them are new, especially, set in the past few days. The rest come out of the team's repertoire of about a hundred plays. In any case, when a quarterback reaches the huddle, he does not have to select one play from among two hundred in his brain; he only has to select one from a few. As the team prepares the two dozen set plays in the few weeks are working, and the quarterback's job becomes even easier. It is true that blocking assignments vary, depending on the defense, but in most cases the quarterback does not call the blocking assignments. His merely calls out the defensive alignment to the offensive. "Wide-man left." "Five-man left." His. Linesmen then know (having been drilled all season) what blocking they must apply.

When the quarterback must be smart enough to do it to recognize defenses naturally and to establish a defensive pattern is that he can guess what the defense is planning. All you have to do is try to make a defense until the end second, and at making a particular defensive alignment look like something else.

There are a hundred other things to which a quarterback must be able. Who is best, who is best, both on his own, then

and on the other? Where is the field empty? How much time is left on the ball, in the game? Which defense is known as changing too fast, which back is a play out of position? What does it do? "Where is the ball? What is the next?" It is not picking how difficult it is to remember all this in the ten seconds between plays when your mind is fuzzy and your ears ringing because a 350-pound tackle has just slammed you down as a frame field for the next time in twenty seconds. Remember, which has been in power on the National Football League only since 1956, since the brilliant quarterback was made a specialty to show off, but also impose a terrible burden. In two or three seconds at the line of scrimmage the code words must be heard and read and clear. They must be the right words, they must be heard, and they must be clear, otherwise some (some) will not them. Each offense is a vital decision and two or three seconds is not long enough for most may be the making of vital decisions. In the huddle the quarterback at least has ten men around him who aid at his choice of play. At the line of scrimmage he doesn't even know until the ball is snapped whether everybody heard. That's a quarterback in a really job.

On the college level, throwing the ball is partly a physical thing, but in the pros it is a mental thing too. The quarterback must know exactly who is going downfield against which defense and he must know exactly at which instant the receiver will be in position. In the pros, however, a receiver is usually in time only for a split second at a certain point in the pattern. Thus the defender receives the ball, if thrown, will be interrupted or hit down. Occasionally receivers will be wide open, but as usually part of completed passes they are open only for a split second. Which side is it, quarterback? Usually, on a long pass, the ball should be thrown in as before the receiver makes his move. That is, on a long pass, the ball should be thrown to the spot just before the receiver is still running. Or, better, the ball should be thrown to the right while the receiver is still running to the left, then the receiver will have the receiver makes his final cut. This is a pass ("Oh! That's not do it well," says Tom Landry, coach of the Dallas Cowboys) requires more knowledge than arm.

Arm, heart, mind—and one thing more. The quarterback must have the quality called leadership. Leadership is many things. It is, for one thing, the ability to command a pass in third down with long yardage to make the toughest play football; all coaches say. The defense knows it's coming. All pressure is on the offense. The play must be made to work, not just once but consistently all through the game all through the season all through a career. Wide, Pass, Short and the red line some yards down, but in seasons all but one day and one day only they can't consistently make that third-down pass. The maximum quarterback can.

The quarterback who can complete the third-down pass is well on his way to establishing leadership. Leadership is sometimes tricky. "Just the way you look and stand," says Layne. "You tell the team if you have confidence in the play you called. They have to want to make it work. They have to be willing to not out on extra line person." And Crenshaw says: "If you take a long time to call a play, the defense get to thinking. If you take you long time, they get to thinking that the play won't work. Even if the play isn't worth a darn, if you call it like it was, it may work."

Leadership is many things. It is confidence, peace and it is the ability to inspire confidence and peace. After the man born of Crenshaw "He's lost out there. He's the same as the last twenty seconds of a game in the first twenty. And when he's lost, they're lost."

Paul Brown says: "The team has to have confidence in the quarterback. Otherwise he cannot be effective." John L. Jackson, former Notre Dame and Bear quarterback says: "To be effective, the team has to believe. (Continued on page 343)



"Please, John, don't ruin a wonderful evening!"



Weep no more for the poor millionaire's daughter from Oklahoma! There is a service now, specializing in discretion, that can place her smock in the center of the social whirl!

by DAN WAKEFIELD

## THE CAREFUL CONVERSION OF THE NOUVEAU RICHE



**M**ost well-to-do people need help who don't have any hands spread in front.

Mrs. Mary Strong (Mrs. Stephen Van Rensselaer Strong), an unusual kind of social worker, was not offering to the plight of the country's marginal laborers or the men left idle by automation who wander the land in search of jobs. The particular social problem she was taking about—and which her agency helps to alleviate—is the problem of the growing number of Americans who have recently made their fortunes, but have not yet made their way in Society. This new class of millionaire outsiders, the oil still wet behind their ears, the gold dust not quite covering the lapels, cannot easily be given the grace of Society (the most of the millionaires) merely by flashing their credit cards. They need the most expert guidance before they can hope to penetrate the maze of rituals and customs of the already "initiated" rich, and Mrs. Strong offers that rare and highly specialized service, the help her help leads the golden door.

But Mrs. Strong's work is not limited to aiding newcomers—if it were, she wouldn't be able to give them much aid. The reason for her vast assortment of services can best be suggested by the fact that she not only helps people get their name in the papers, but helps people keep their names out of the papers. Her clients, in other words, include both those who are trying to get there and those who have already arrived. The most difficult of all her many services is helping the former lead at all; to become the latter kind of client. This complex process is a well-known enough to follow: an unknown person who has made a fortune, but never had his name in the Society columns, has to be added as a result of the point where he comes against it. In the Society columns in order that he may someday reach the point where he must pay to keep his name out of the Society columns. The completion of this complex journey is known to The American House.

The long and perilous safari into the social jungle can be undertaken, of course, by any wealthy person on his own, but may choose to make his way somewhat more direct. Above, but, in either case, the most common way to have an experienced guide. The use of the millionaire's social agent begins his social safari in New York City by plunging right into El Morocco, "El," or rather the Edwards House at the Twelfth of the Plaza, but might more wisely start his long march at an unfashionable, mid-level apartment building in Manhattan's East Village. But it is fairly an eye wide by a millionaire with a Penn-Club sign on the front, and on the

other by Mrs. Kelly's hand laundry. No discretion would either him in, and he would have to prove the obvious before he could get to the third-floor headquarters of Mrs. Mary Strong Associates, but his ascent in the world of Society would have been well begun.

Mrs. Strong and her staff of seven work out of a modest three-room (including kitchen) apartment with a laundry-room extension in the front, a modest back workroom with desks and files, and a modern living room deck with a high-ceilinged assortment of furniture including easy chairs, two sofas, a long metal table with a shagreen top, a small round table with a shagreen top, a pair of bar stools, and a pair of bar stools on the wall, a pair of bar stools "in the kitchen" (where Mrs. Strong prefers to sit while talking with guests or clients) and stacks upon stacks of abstract black books bound with string that overflow a table and a small sofa. The room might be the headquarters of any informal, bare, and female-dominated enterprise, and if the client at least looks toward out to be copies of the Golden Rule, a visitor might well imagine he had stumbled into the office of a voluntary missionary-out society. The books, however, are a complete set of copies of the New York Social Register from its first year of publication.

A member of the office of Mrs. Strong Associates can best be described as follows: a young lady who is the "social secretary" services (the planning of weddings, dinners, parties and dinners) and would not—perhaps the thought—regulate any and from the office's most public department. While I would not otherwise for Mrs. Strong to arrive, each entrance of the Society column was explained to me by Mrs. Joe Harrison Taylor, a quiet, charming young lady who is herself a former debaucher and who worked in the fashion department of Warner's Bazaar before joining the staff of Strong Associates. I was most interested, however, in the company for "newcomer" clients (this description is understandably preferred to the long-winded labels of "Newcomer Rich" and "Newcomer People")—though the latter terms do have a way of slipping into the conversation, and I asked her how this process began.

After a few moments of reflection, Mrs. Taylor replied: "A new man to us is not long ago from out of town who had recently made a fortune, and, like many such people, wanted to get in the social scene. He talked with Mrs. Mary, and we're taken him in." Then she quickly added: "But we wouldn't take in just anyone like that who came in as."

I asked for an example of something that might prevent the agency from taking in anyone (I continued on page 174)



the direction of their intent! Imagines them struggling to change their very essences! Philosophy—what a vast! struggle—what a struggle! To know is so easy, so paradox. The speed for any kind of growth and evolution is prepared by trying to know.

How then is the break to be made? It is man himself who must break. Up to now he has only been sophisticated, like the glass he sees for his childhood. He has believed only with his eyes and hands, never with a microscope, dissecting glass. Creating a false world, he refuses to change himself to change things which the mind sees clearly. Even when he goes inside the thought machine still functions. No matter if the eyes be jammed—men in that jammed world of atoms which can function in a world completely dead. It would still be his world.

And is it not an inner world which we have come to inhabit? What valid meaning is there to any of our acts, plans, thoughts? Whenever we create a new idea to overcome a problem, we envision ourselves. Nothing can ever lead us except our self as an owner of joy to this thoroughly empty existence. The more we discover, the more we learn, the more we expect and frustrated we become. And this frustration, this push-back from meaning, leads to replace the outer existence. What a joke!

No, Homo sapiens will never make it. It is in the last stage of desolation. His mind is all things, things which he is, will vanish in the twinkling of an eye. The city is that he could have come to know and moved. Wherein did he fail? In refusing to recognize the wondrous nature of his own being. He tried for power instead of mastery, for efficiency rather than grace. In time to come it may be said of men that never did life speak a more efficient truth.

There may be such a thing as isolation with all the knowledge which the modern implies. But from need to lead to know is another thing. There is neither a thing as such and there is neither transfiguration. One can recognize the gates of hell, the gates of glory, and climb again, but never again. Or one can take the leap into the blue. For the moment the leap is all. Beyond, in the ocean of existence. The unknown being the unknown. It is the future, like speed and motion, destined to become a meaningless term. Have not the men of the future been with us from the very beginning? What is the future but a state of mind? Grasping the problem of existence—we are at the middle of light—because more and more evident that there is no such thing as matter, our gravity, our heat, our light. Any more than there are atoms, molecules, protons, electrons.

Only gods and death. Birth and death, openness and life. Nothing out there can possibly be more experiences more exquisite than here within our own limits. The opposed in the paradoxical, the shadow and the light in all, and its realm is reality. What is death knowing. With regard to the future, the most evident moment of life is understanding and action, thought enters itself out. The mind can only say with what kind of substance is presented to it, it can never know in any ultimate, absolute sense.

Without science, thought not with it, science, we grow much like the metaphysical mind. The dream of mastery over the forces of nature has finally led us to ask: what is mastery? At what point, for example, in the development of speed will it be possible to say that we have mastered the fastest? When we are able to attain the speed of light? When we can transport ourselves instantaneously from any point in the universe to any other point? Is there a limit to achieving such extreme speed? The only point in pursuing such material ends, it seems to me, would be that in the dream we ourselves would become transformed. Perhaps only through the attainment of such freedom will we begin to question the nature and purpose of all our activity. If not, what is capable of making these ourselves, why drag the body along? Or, if mind and body are one, as we had more and more to believe, would we not be there, in body, and mind and spirit, wherever we wished, whenever we wished?

From various quarters and from nature there we have had countless rebukes to this materialism. In the part of nature belongs. However, however, we may be with regard to such statements we are all so artificial capable of being misled by the prospect of vision from other worlds. It has even been asserted that these visions from outer space are in general walking about among us here on earth. Some indeed claim to have spoken with them. True or not, the point is that if they are here it did not take them a million years to make the journey. Yet, I venture to ask, did it take them years to learn to speak our language, or any language and by earth men. And if they are capable of speaking in any tongue, what is to prevent us from assuming that they could speak to all men in all tongues simultaneously? Or, as Postmodernism has given the illusion of doing so? Language of best is but a pure system of communication; it is the real speaking to the soul, the open revealing speech, which grows words meaning.

This is what I meant when I referred to a mental age in our growing metaphysical cost of mind. The problems

which have plagued us for so many millennia tend to change time as we approach their meaning within. What, for instance, will speed mean when we can travel faster than light, as some science-fictional men of science now predict is within the realm of possibility? What sense is there in developing radar or other techniques of communication when it has already been proved that man can communicate telepathically at any distance apart? (And would it be any more difficult to do you suppose, to communicate telepathically from one extreme to another, one extreme to another?) And if, as has also been demonstrated again and again with countless proofs, men have been healed (even brought back from death) by a word or a touch of the hand, sometimes by their own powers of suggestion, what is our turning out modern men who make not the least effort to understand or investigate such phenomena?

At a certain point in his life Gustavus Rudolph and his wife Sarah, a his time and resolved not to move from the spot until he had gained the secret of human suffering. Jesus disappeared for seven long years to return to his native land stamped in a witness of life which sets at naught all our knowledge.

We are so accustomed to thinking in terms of death. Yet death promises nothing, knows nothing. Life does not seem to have created ideal world, some perfectible heaven; it begins and ends here, wherever we are, in whatever circumstances. Three-dimensional beings that we are, we are nevertheless capable of living in multiple dimensions. That is the meaning of life, that it is infinitely variable, unchangeable, indestructible.

The current desire to conquer space and time is premature, to say the least. It is only another, more sophisticated manifestation of our lack of freedom from the problems we have created for ourselves. Never has any real attention been paid to the words of the prophet, in every domain, from physics to metaphysics, the word still dominates. We make no effort to understand of our life, our mind, our surroundings, we beg for the impossible—to us without paying the price. And may be added that we ourselves are no more free and indestructible as the universe itself, as regard the entire universe as a kind of game master to be exploited for our intended maintenance and prolonged satisfaction. It is the final heretic of explanation, explanation, explanation, explanation.

What makes it all the more ironic is that our problems here on earth are as yet so ridiculously petty. But this we have to learn to see (I shall not say here I will)



"For God's sake, Edgar, get up—I'm leaving you!"



Concerning the short, sweet ascent of a misty-eyed, virginal type from the Department of the Rhine, France, to the Borough of Manhattan, New York—is almost nothing but

by GAY TALESE

## MICHELE AND THE STAR MAKERS

**S**HE WAS like Ingrid Bergman—only livelier, and more graceful. She was a tall, sunny girl with green eyes, almond-blond hair, and no make-up. She had come to Paris from the farm land to become an actress. In Paris she studied, but did not fulfill.

She studied hard at dramatic school and, after five small foreign films, she was signed last year by Paramount to play opposite John Wayne in the forthcoming film, *Major*, which is French for *Singer* and is about big-game hunting in Tennessee.

Michele Gaudin did well in the film, and Paramount flew her to New York to help publicize it, and press agents took her to lunch with superiors.

"Have you been back to Lyons since you became an actress?" they asked.

"Yes," she said.

"How does your father feel?"

"He does not know," she said. "He is a little—how do you say?—stupid."

She reached in her purse for her English dictionary, and then her bright eyes assumed down the "K's" (from—

*Kiss*

*Kissment*

*Kiss*

*Kiss*

*Kissment*

*Kissment*

*Kissment*

to... *Kissment*—*Amorish*, *Stupid*

"A lot of love," Michele said of her father, the maker of measurement scales in Lyons.

"Michele, you don't look French, you look Swedish, how come?"

"I got my big bones from my pop-papa's grandparents," she said. "In France I was always too tall, too big. I was always standing in a corner like this"—she stood, shoulders hunched, and tried to minimize her five-foot eight-inch frame—"and I was absolutely silly, you know? I became a lamboy. I was not interested in clothes. There a lot of girls very young and they are already a lot of make-up; I was absolutely the contrary."

"Michele," said the press agent, "let's move, we gotta get to the studio."

The studio was a shoe box where people populated by small, deeper men who assisted the photographers. The photog-

rapher, also small, wore dark pants, a dark shirt, and smoked a pipe. They all studied Michele, wondering what to do with this assembly-point woman.

"How did you get clothes in New York?" they asked.

"Yes," she said.

"Black leather pants?"

"I have a white lace dress," she said.

The boys looked at one another in wonderment.

"What size are you—twelve?"

"Fifteen," she said.

"She's not a typical French actress," one said.

"She's more German," said another.

"I'm in your own hair?"

She nodded.

"Well," said one, "we see you get Kenneth. Kenneth of Lily

Daché. Kenneth cuts hair."

"Ohh, yes," she almost whispered. "I don't want..."

They pondered. Finally one of them returned with a large, droopy mirror.

"Try this," he said.

"And try these on," another said, handing her a pair of men's khakis.

She went to the dressing room, removed her skirt and blouse, and put on the sweater and pants. And then a make-up expert joined her.

"What I want you to do is close your eyes," he said, "and fill the whole thing in with this"—he gave her some damp cloth with which to blot her eyes, and then handed her two more because her eyelashes were too thick. Then he applied two layers of powder to her face, and dusted powder on just one side of her nose.

"My nose looks hurt," Michele said, sitting before the mirror.

"A little bit," he conceded, "but that's more interesting."

He continued to apply powder, and finally Michele said, "I feel like a French pastry, with sugar on the top."

"You're fine, fine," he sang out.

"I have no more suggestions at my feet," she said. "It's still, my skin. I look like a rubber."

He nodded, and continued to apply make-up.

Then, when he finished, Michele stood back before the mirror and observed herself in khakis and her boy's sweater.

"I look like my brother," she said.

He only smiled. ■



An expert on education, whose book, *The Schools*, is widely acclaimed, considers how a university maintains purpose and quality in the years, aggressively against criticism of Los Angeles by MARTIN MAYER

## UNIVERSITY IN THE SUN

THE unpleasantness of the Strip comes to an end, and Sun set Boulevard runs on, appropriately, toward the Pacific. On both sides, for a while, stand the mansions of Beverly Hills, where goldbrilishly gaudily lives up the good life. Rather elegantly, the road curves, turns back. Down the slope of a canyon, and comes to one of those wondrous intersections that make driving so interesting in Los Angeles. Turn north, then, and through the winding streets of Westwood Village, one-family houses, each with almost as much of land, wide-lawn, pleasant—desirable with palm trees. A view to the western border, and across the road (almost curiously) to some of what are presently public buildings, mostly red-yellow brick, with gates between them and roads parked along the University of California, Los Angeles.

Still among schools (it was founded as a two-year "Southern Branch" in 1818, and did not get around to a full undergraduate program until 1924), UCLA will educate thousands of baccalaureate students in the second largest of the seven branches of the state university. Like its big brother, U.C. at Berkeley, across the Bay from San Francisco, UCLA has benefited by the lucky and carefully planned development of higher education in California. In the Twenties, when the Midwest state universities earned their reputations for academic excellence, the California schools were protected from the playboy set by the existence of socially pack standard and usually excellent Southern California, both private schools. And in the Fifties, when state universities elsewhere were cramped by unacquainted students who knew that education beyond high school had become a necessary vice for entry to the middle-class, California's uniquely extensive junior-college system took the admissions load off the university. In most states, the public university is legally obliged to admit anyone who comes to the door, moving students from one of the state's public high schools; in California, only the top fifteen per cent of each year's high-school graduates qualify for such privileges. The state's preference may as an extension—the seven branches of U.C. are budgeted for some \$190,000,000 in 1961-62, and of the total UCLA gets more than \$60,000,000.

As Los Angeles grows, UCLA must grow with it. The city (scholarly as almost meaningless town gossip-physics) will presently be second in population only to New York, and with three hundred-thousand square miles ready to be covered by cheaply built houses it must eventually become the largest city in the nation. Since the end of World War II, UCLA has put up fifty-three new permanent buildings, with eighteen more scheduled

before 1966. The campus has already jumped a mile to westward, and looks likely to leaping on Santa Monica any day. There has been money for professors' salaries and for books as well as for buildings. And the many amenities which look more of the institution than of the city, UCLA stands to benefit enormously from beyond during the next few decades. It is hard to limit the combination of fee-supported operation and expenses plus private contributions for libraries, and the old Ivy League universities are already tanning themselves on these shores in hopes of keeping pace with places like UCLA.

Los Angeles itself is in many ways an asset for the university. Though its cultural attractions are very limited (the Hollywood Bowl and the touring company at a Broadway variety are still a big deal in Los Angeles), its resources are considerable. To live pleasantly in New York or Chicago takes at least half again as much money as a similar standard in Los Angeles. Several of the great eastern universities have been emptied by inner-ring urban slums (indeed, so has the University of Southern California), and working manual the shores of Westwood Village appeals greatly to many suburban students. The climate draws the distinguished old and the hyperbolic new—and many Europeans, particularly Englishmen, love Los Angeles for the way it contrasts all the pleasures they brought with them from the home country.

Yet being in Los Angeles is a problem, too. The city itself, as it was in America's day, manifestly a patch of backward small towns. Only a decade or so has passed since the state legislature made a serious attempt to destroy the university system by a particularly vicious loyalty oath, and nowhere was this provision more strongly supported than in the vineyard villages that form Los Angeles. This is the home of the one-of-a-kind, beautiful or beautiful or beautiful, and now the mind has found its life in its own work, even the play in its mind. Good people grow sticky and richly want here, and the considerable native ingenuity of the populace is employed in the latest version of soft sciences, soft sciences. Unquestioned, the only automobile before horse-powered. Destruction of the young spirit, destruction of the young body, prompt escape from problems that can be solved. The academic life is dangerously soft even in a cold climate and a competitive situation, and usually easily knows whether a university can maintain purpose, function and quality in the years, aggressively against criticism of Los Angeles. UCLA, more the official catalogue, "to identify located for varied recreation



and unaccommodated. The beaches and mountains provide an outdoor gym driving distance. Halfworld is close by. And the community is served by a number of fine restaurants." **Privacy**

Still, the Regents and Chancellors and Deans and Faculty and Students are in there, packing. Like any big-city university, UCLA offers a number of courses which are simply a service to local industry (for example, Theater Arts 104, Make-up for Theater, Television and Motion Pictures). There are also several courses which are training programs pure and simple—such as "professional hygiene" (presumably for students who do not yet have teeth) and "genosocial welfare" (probably restricted to women). The Office of Public Information is capable of claiming that UCLA has "a distinguished record in the humanities" because "its School of Business Administration, established in 1946, now attracts fifteen hundred students and is one of the finest in the country." But most of the course offerings are in solid areas, though quality varies from department to department, as does, and all major academic fields are explored to whatever depth the idea of "a course" permits. The new computers make the notes in the Laboratory of Nuclear Medicine, but the math department is hard at work, too. UCLA is pioneering biophysics and Robert Neuringer, but the biochemistry daily classes of physics, chemistry, botany, horticulture and zoology are thoroughly performed. Anthropology has always been a West Coast specialty, and UCLA has clearly not arrived backward in this area by means of a "Folklore Group." Foreign-language offerings are particularly impressive. UCLA teaches no fewer than forty-one languages, thirteen of these African.

UCLA's social condition does not encourage a frivolous attitude toward education. Some seventy-five hundred of the not quite twelve thousand undergraduates live at home, and commute daily to college or they would to a job. Only seven hundred live in the thirty-one fraternities and twenty-two sororities as against thousands housed in the three university dormitories (two of these coeducational: "Bo de" the Chaucer, the writers community, "there have been no problems") dual-life concentration, inevitably, is the Robert Union and associated outbuildings, and is controlled by an independently independent student government, not above using means of communication. When the sports are over, about a third of the undergraduates go on to graduate work when college days are done

—a more impressive figure here than it would be in a liberal arts college, because at UCLA, as at most state universities, undergraduates can complete their training in business, education, nursing or what-have-you and then go right out to the job.

Lots of department faculty tell you less about a university than they used to, because it is so full these days to have the Regents, and you never find money fairly easily through poor high salaries and processing not to trouble the Big Game with students. Nevertheless UCLA is certainly entitled to credit for the Nobel-prize-winning chemist Wilcox Libby. And the same department, which every year stages in UCLA a Symposium on Regret, still says of the most interesting musician and composer in the United States, in January's work with major talent—the composer Lukas Foss and John Vennart, the pianist Lee Bolt, and the violinist Feri Roth. From 1980 to 1980 UCLA was also home base for Jascha Heifetz, who taught a master class of failures, but Heifetz left last spring, reportedly because the university could not hire a enough really top talent is justly as high-powered an institution. No university could.

UCLA has been imaginative in its visitors, from stepover sponsors like Kenneth Kaunda, a political leader of Rhodesia's majority party, to visiting lecturers like Gerdner Hauer Drapman and literary analyst Benjamin Graham. And in the Spring of 1980, the university moved a camp in having Chancellor Freddie D. Murphy from the University of Kansas, which had risen under his leadership from the status of a good basketball team to a power in the unfolding large undergraduate college in its part of the country. Meanwhile, Kaunda under Murphy successfully developed a number of programs designed to solve the chronic problems of offering both mass and quality education under the same roof. Murphy, who took over at Kansas in 1951, when he was all of thirty-five, is now among the nation's major educational officers in that he was originally a medical doctor, and the Medical School is UCLA's particular pride and joy.

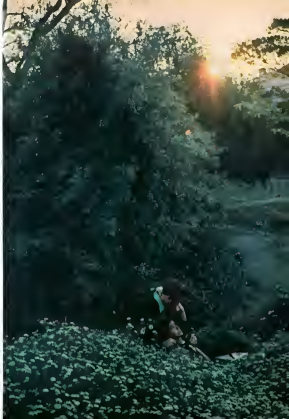
The best single reason to expect a great future from UCLA, however, is the attention paid to the library, always the heart of any serious educational effort. In 1946, the UCLA library had half a million books, today they have about a million and a half, and the plans for 1978 call for five million volumes. Funds for book acquisitions since ran nearly \$400,000 a year, and collections of the highest quality—most notably the Eakins collection of Rembrandt and Victorian English literature, including a number of items not available elsewhere in the United States—have been given a new home beside Woodward Village. Demonstrating the value of two strings for the bow, the library has seven both to state funds and to contributions from the Friends of the UCLA Library. Its Department of Special Collections—an absolute jewel of distinguished scholars are to be drawn in a faculty—was founded only in 1950, and already includes more than seventy thousand volumes.

UCLA is hard put to name eminent alumni. From Ralph Bunche and physical chemist Glenn Seaborg the first Nobel trophy to a basketball player, an ex-Governor of California, a choreographer's cartoonist and an opera singer. Over the years more than half the enrolled students have left without degrees. But today the great majority of students do back up, despite the university's requirements of language, mathematics and a C average throughout, and showcasing freshmen are offering a fairly stiff B minimum program. Academic freedom is evident everywhere, staffing problems, and a business- and income-oriented community, UCLA is giving it the old college try. There is more than a chance that one of these days you will hear from that elusive, bearded fellow and that girl in Bermuda shorts. They may even be able to do something about the accident of Los Angeles. ■



Look long enough at UCLA campus in suburban Westwood provides scenic setting for students

REPRODUCTION BY BETTIE KAPLAN



Kid brothers know how it is. For the Outsider, the rites of passage come when they're least expected and their competition reveals that myth is seldom what they seem. A Short Story by WAYNE GARYER

## HEROES ARE BORN

YOU don't have to put this face's point on it if you don't want to, but it's my story, and I tell it's about the way Wayne sees life—may still be taking—with me. I'm looking back—wards, you see, in when I was about twelve or so—and very free—and not much given to thinking. But I know a man now when I see one—or even other one—you may let us that. Deep thought being the easiest thing to cover by—used to a credit card and a charge place—that the contemporary age has to offer its frantic people. If I begin to remember, later with me. My eye is on a tree dark, and not started at home. But first I must remember through the lovely picture lands of my youth.

It used to be that whenever we got by way of play, had to come after a full day's work in the field. We would ride into the barnyard in the back of the old dumpboards and jump out. Dad would get down from the pluck and across the water line that he read for a week and began to scratch the top. My brother would bend far the old father jump and begin to fill the following trough with it. I would the jump and get the corn from the West. Father a nearby side-grown place where all the foremen in town pastured their heads.

Sometimes these shows look as hard as men, but we always would get away in time to practice baseball with the boys—men up on the square. We would have nothing practice—or my brother would. I was too young and too little and never did make the Farm House team. I would stay then with the kids, though. Sometimes they made me stand on second base and play the throw from the outfield into the pitcher. Other times I was right out there with them in the outfield.

It was always after dark when we stopped. Then we would go over and squat on the grass in front of the store and read magazines and not too often and listen to the town of voices and smell the smoke coming from the chimney stoves in the back of the store where the smoking curtains and smoke of smoke were stored. By this time it was always late night. But before that, for at least an hour after the sun went down, we would stand in the darkness of the outfield with the light from the late evening spread out against the trees behind the fence. We would hear the crack of the bat on the ball, look up

above the dark tree line and see the tiny darker spot of the ball going up and coming out. Then we would all make a dash to where we thought the ball would land.

We became very good at this. The men in the running down used to say that if we could have played Saturday's games sometime between total darkness and Sunday morning, we had the makings of a champion. But on Saturday's bright sunlight, we were pretty awful. Sometimes, practicing at night, we would hear the crack of the bat and see no spark of light come into the blue above the trees. Then we'd all sit on our feet, the way we had seen soldiers do in World War I movies, cover our heads with our gloom, and hope that the line down had gone white or high and over us. They usually did. Then Gorman had a tooth clipped by a soldier, and that is the only damage I can remember.

I was really small in those days, short and skinny in spite of all the how to build muscles books and the special food I had learned myself with, but the manager of the team would never admit it was my size that kept me off the team. I was too young, he would say. My brother was five years older than I was and had been on the team forever. He had never weighed less than a hundred and eighty pounds, not even when he was born, and no one else wanted to be the pitcher, anyway. But I was young, and no one thought I could have hit the ball out of the infield. Everyone agreed that I could swing faster when I could reach up with them, day or night. But I had to admit with them that from another deep under field, my, my strongest pitcher would have come in a stop somewhere near the foot of the mound because if he had been running as hard as he could directly at me since the ball had left the bat, just once, or a play off for the second half. I just as a game. We had three men on, and the score was tied. The other team's pitcher was getting wild, and he had walked the last two men. Our manager yelled at me. I went over to him, in a whisper.

"Listen," he said in a whisper, "you go in there and hit!" I did some quick overthinking. "Okay," I said. "I'll drive 'em in!" He jerked up the nearest bat.

He grabbed me by the shoulder. "You go in there with the





honest but we're not, understand?" He then had a real, funny look. "And you stoop over to see the peak of your eye touches the ground." I wanted to tell him how I'd developed a new stance that didn't have the peak of my eye anywhere near the ground, but I didn't get a chance. He took me right on. "And if you're much as tender that but in your shoulder," he said—so if he had heard, was not quite convinced, but was willing to try the Laidman's notion that the only way to see life is to do everything through deep—"I'll show you alive. He can't get you there either. But bend over double up there, and four pitches from now the ball's yours!"

We landed on the end of the grade, and I went up to the plate with my brother's bag hat—ready to let him ripen and full—dig my cap vice into the dirt, and struck out on three solid strikes without so much as touching my hat. Just as I had been told. We lost that game, and I never got into another. The next year the team had a new manager, but I didn't improve any either, though I look in baseball ever whenever he was sent to baseball on how hard I would be to pitch in on a tough spot. But it didn't work.

It was the same—and sometimes worse—in other things. Basketball in the W.P.A. gym was just another ad experience for me, though everyone says to enjoy it. The game was a jumble of legs and elbows that I had to make my way around, through, or between. I would dart here and there, jelling, slipping my hands to an area. I even developed a gliding between baskets while that would surely have gotten me the ball once in a while if anyone could have figured out where the actual was next track. I grew up basketball, rather gently, except for gym classes where it was required that I yell and slap and whistle some more. But there was no more laughter about my making the junior-high team. I had the junior's son, a pro baller then, I took me into the gym on Saturdays and I'd play twenty-one with him (ten games in a long, cut for a short) or shoot free throws by myself. I became completely good at free shots. But after a while I didn't play basketball even on Saturdays. Being good at free throws didn't make much of a game if I couldn't get around, and I never suggested he let me shoot more, not even the game get for that. He's the little guy who had the bag over, and the other way around. So I grew up basketball rather than play it often. I wanted to make a team.

We had no football, except something called five step. The teams (perhaps from two to fifty on a side) would take the football back and forth, and someone caught it or the fly. Then he could take five of his longest, running steps forward before kicking the ball back to the other side. If you caught a drop kick (I've never figured out why anyone would drop kick) you could take the running steps. In this game my weight to itself was not much of a factor, but no team would want to risk taking me, instead of a run-faster with long legs, catch a punt. My slightest leaps forward—the five or ten that I might accidentally have earned—would have given my team a forward movement of about half that many yards. So I didn't play football, not even five step. I would, instead, walk across the playing field, which was laid out around in the summer, looking for money. Once I found a five-dollar bill and gave it to the principal. He said that I was an honest boy.

But I didn't want to be honest, necessarily. I had not yet learned that "standing on top, man, look honest," and I stretched and looked that way, and suddenly, suddenly—O sweet God how profoundly I wanted—only to grow up and play on the school and town teams. But I never did. By the time I started to grow, I was through, not only grow high in my home town, but high school three miles away and the only "team" was that was looking for growing legs and then was the same. They too I was talented. I remember thinking that, just as the schoolmaster said, I had grown up and had both muscles by my exercises and hot drinks. But I

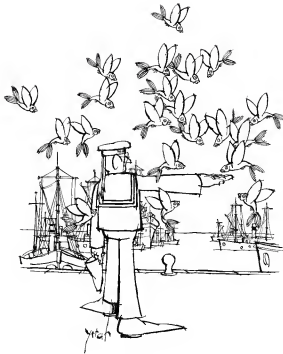
couldn't remember there saying that, their compressed muscles took five years to work.

One thing, and one thing only, was I good at. And being good at that in a town of basket, basketball, basketball, and five-steps was something like being good at sleep. The busy, at birthday parties and family gatherings in Christmas and Thanksgiving, I was the acknowledged champion of a game called "What's My Name?" Being good at this was pretty bad, for I cannot even claim that my recollection was some prescience showing of a Laidman's search for my true identity. The other-directed aim of this game was to draw cards giving clues to some famous person's identity and to guess his name. The player who guessed the name with the fewest clues was the winner. I was good at this because, being so small, I had naturally read a good deal about (a) but men who had become famous because they were big and could do anything, or (b) little men who had become famous because they were little and couldn't do anything, and they decided to do everything to make up for longer legs little to do anything. All notorious men—but few with a full sense of being—were included. I have since discovered, and so I was very good at this game in these mercurial years of my early will, that the word in the inspired W.B. of a clerk of cards, not knowing that: "At no time in the world will a man who is now, Overmuch himself, Overmuch himself, Overmuch himself."

And then, just at at once I had a glory. On that unnamed weekend of my frustrated life when I had never even asked the odds, as if by its own accord. All away and revealed to me a momentary vision of the inside person that is at the heart of life—the only vision of it that I have so far known, but which because me to try to catch light in the burning-light vision that I have since learned that "the truth is like a secret" surrounded by men of good sense and doing, it enabled me to my success and competency, and I had a look that neither they nor I even so much as saw. There are in the The-Fel-King a dozen questions that would apply here and there, but my story just the photographs and it was, but I have included him in my story—and Mr. Maugham answers to all that so do you.

Well, then, everyone was surprised and so was I. In my home town it was simply assumed that in the fall you were a basket, just as you were a basketball player in the winter and a basketball player in the spring. So it was natural enough that when I was about twenty years old, I was given a shotgun, a .40, the smallest that could still be called a shotgun. There is a picture of me somewhere in my brother's Levi's (which were reserved for the team, so I had Mousie up a pair of Levi's with me (but, for mousie) and my old basketball cap, and I'm holding the gun over my shoulder as if it were a hat. I probably was wearing it more because I didn't ever want to look very much. I wanted to play basketball, basketball, five step.

My Dad, brother, and I used to take our guns with us to the farm after the dark and afternoon sunset opened. One time, three miles west of town, we were surrounded by a smelly sheep called Thel Cow. Sometimes a flock of ducks would come over while we were working, circle a few times, and dip into the creek. Then we would stop working, walk to the wagon and get our gun, walk through the willows and reeds, surrounding the open water, and shoot them, and get a shot. Or we Dad and brother would say, "I would get that duck on a hat. I would either leave the subject on and leave my finger pinking at the trigger as soon as the gun trembled at the foot and hear a metallic click as the hammer fell, when the shot would have been half a second to get a shot in the branch. And the gun was so heavy. Lying in the doghouse beside my Dad's twelve-gauge single shot and my brother's sawed-off pump, it looked about the size of the "Tom Mix air rifle







New Zealand and Australia are not at all different, but they each have a true frontier, and apartment's wilderness, and they've usually taken as a tourist's call. By RICHARD JOSEPH

## THE SOUTH SOUTH PACIFIC

**N**EW ZEALAND AND AUSTRALIA are for the man who has been everywhere—and this is no bad job, as a number of tourists may travelers are going elsewhere—seeing the things they might better find here. The true frontier, the unknown, and the mysterious wilderness. Great spaces, where a man can take a deep breath and swing his arms around without being afraid of knocking something over. The calm of peace and quiet—and the quest to find both in the shadow of snow and the distance from the world problems that create serious stress and mental anguish.

No place else on earth offers the mid-twentieth-century American such a pure and ideal order for his morning. Other parts of the world are more remote in feeling and more primitive, but they're so different that the American visitor finds it difficult to relate to what he sees and knows. The distant Asia, Africa and Latin American civilizations are so different, he tries to understand them struggles and is uncomfortable with them. But he can't identify with them, and here he can find no answers to the questions that so deeply trouble him.

New Zealand and Australia, though, are something else again. Here for a century men have been able to have looked over thousands of miles of ocean to take and again in the northernmost lands of the South Pacific. Here are men speaking a language almost identical to his, and with historical, cultural, religious and social backgrounds close to his own. Yet the environments they have set up, while close enough to his for him to understand, are different enough to be stimulating.

Australia and then New Zealand had their first British settlements around the end of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth centuries—just about the time we have established our own national identity, and close to two hundred years after we left British colonies were set up.

Even today, some phases of life down under seem like echoes of our forgotten past. In many respects New Zealand and Australia are the Great American West of a century ago. The "Indians" (the Maori in New Zealand and the Australian aborigines) have been conquered and more or less integrated into society—much more in New Zealand, much less in Australia. But the frontier is still there, and it's a true unexplored and unexplored frontier, not a political frontier of metaphors and illusions. And the frontier with its challenges and its opportunities gives the people much of the attitude of Americans shortly after the Civil War. Things can be done by the man who wants to do them, and if life gets too sticky where you are, you can change pull up and go someplace else.

The people of these two lands live at a pace that allows

them time to talk and to think. They're off the main tourist routes but they welcome visitors with much of the same hospitality and courtesy that must have greeted travelers from England and the Continent who happened to find themselves out in, say, St. Louis in the 1850's.

For the thoughtful American tourist, these two new lands provide a perfect spiritual and intellectual environment. Seeing where we've been we may, perhaps, have a clearer notion of where we're going. Like the people, much of the New Zealand countryside and the open spaces of Australia seem reminiscent of things past. The old game (elk and river) is revived unimpeded by industrial refuse or metropolitan sewage. The plains and the rolling hills stretch out into the horizon, and the fields and the meadows are as green and fresh as our own used to be before they started to grow grey and grimy around the edges, as the cities spread their culture far out into the country.

Seen from a plane, their cities, towns and villages are dots on the landscape, in contrast to the megapolitan centers of the United States, where the only countryside is this green patchwork facing the concrete pavement of the tolling roads.

In New Zealand and Australia, the outdoors seems close up to a man's prize—even the man who lives in the biggest cities. (In Christchurch, New Zealand, though, fishing for the last-remaining trout that inhabit the River Avon is restricted to small boats—within the city limits, and with the city. Last year down under, few men knew to handle anything like American suburban land to enjoy their sports. There's sure to be a good trout stream within a fifteen-minute drive, the golf course is probably closer, and the tennis club is likely to be a few minutes' walk across the fields from his back door. For many New Zealanders and most Australians, the sea is only a few miles away, and along is no boat or so on the mountains. Home racing is probably no farther away than a neighboring village, and the jockey is likely to be neighborly, too.)

All this has resulted in many New Zealanders and Australians becoming the sort of men most Americans would like to be. Oh they watch their soccer and football matches on TV, all right. But on the week ends and on the long summer evenings they're out doing the things most urban Americans—except for those living in such places as Seattle, Portland and Denver—must save for their vacations.

We've been talking, so far, about Australia and New Zealand which, in many ways, is a mistake. The two countries are not at all alike. They're less alike than the United States and Canada are, almost as different as are the United States and the United Kingdom. (And Australia and New Zealand,

usually reported by the rest of the world as neighbors, are actually about half as far away from each other as are Britain and the United States.) Although their accents are undeniably as close to American as British ones, the Australians and New Zealanders are keen rivals on the sports fields and within the British Commonwealth.

But to the American traveler, New Zealand and Australia refer to a land and almost responsible unit. Spending all that money for air and sea fare to get there, it just isn't logical to visit one without seeing the other. (For that matter, the wise traveler will also plan stopovers at Hawaii and Fiji, since both are on the way.)

And your decision on how to budget your time will be complicated by the fact that New Zealand is made up principally of two islands, North and South, together with a sliver of the tip of the United Kingdom, but as competitors with each other, in some ways, as New Zealand is with Australia.

The New Zealanders themselves, especially those in the lower left business, manage to maintain a degree of impartiality. "If you've got only one week's time in New Zealand," advises the Government Tourist Board, "spend it on one of the islands; don't try to cover the attraction of both in a week—you'll end up looking only glances."

Well, that will keep all the taxpayers happy, and it's only when you leave a New Zealand fairly well that the bias in favor of one island or the other happens to be. It all starts to emerge through America's visitors, though, since I pretty well isolated. Three or four days in New Zealand and right away a pup is an expert on the country. After ten days spent in New Zealand, therefore, we're at least a double expert, as we'll come on duty and say that we're a South Islander ourselves. (And we've found that our preference is shared by many of the U.S. Navy's Operation Deep Throat crowd—which is to be expected, as they're based in Christchurch, which is on the South Island.)

In fact, we think it's a crying shame that so many of the comparatively few Americans who do manage to get down to New Zealand land by plane or ship at Auckland, who stroll to the hot springs and parks around Rotorua, and through the glowworm grotto at Waitomo, see a Maori dance, and then take off for Australia, Fiji or elsewhere, hurry to the station before they get to see New Zealand.

Well, they haven't seen it yet, even though a small section of the North Island, and in passing up the South Island and only they are named one of the truly fabulous scenic regions on earth. The South Island contains in one compact, comparatively small area many of the scenic attractions of Switzerland, Norway, Scotland and the English Lake District, with remnants of Russia, New Hampshire and Vermont thrown in for good measure.

And the South Island has Harry Wray, a New Zealand fighter pilot in World War II who now owns the airline that flies you around the Southern Alps and inside, you on the glaciers, he also operates his company operating in the low tourist regions. (The Southern Alps, incidentally, have twenty-seven peaks taller than 10,000 feet, packed into a comparatively small area.) Together with Charles Williams, a government publicity man who manages to remain neutral in the war between the North and the South, Harry Wray does a spectacular job in helping to develop his country's enormous tourist potential.

But if you still want on feeling your way in a few pretty days for gullies around the North Island and Auckland, then we've got one more of advice. Make your headquarters at a place called Matamoras, at the heart of one of New Zealand's richest farming regions. About three hours' drive from Auckland, Matamoras is an area that will give you deep, fresh-water fishing, hot springs and geysers, skiing, glowworms and Maori, all within a three-hour driving radius.

And the hotel is one of the best you'll find anywhere in rural New Zealand.

The price level mightn't seem very important to you, once you've paid all that fare to get there, but being and travel costs reflect the fact that New Zealand is basically a prosperous, middle-class country in which a man earning two thousand pounds a year (\$3,600) can make out real well.

Rooms with bath are still the exception, even in the top hotels, and if you don't have a private bath, a room at one of the best places will cost you about \$4.50 a day. If you are lucky enough to stay one with a bath, though, the price will go up to around nine or ten dollars.

In New Zealand you can have a plate of beef for twenty cents, whisky and soda or gin and tonic, two of the favorites—after lunch—run something like a drink, but the portions are small, so you often order a double. Even so, they'll cost you less than thirty-five cents!

Television is still new enough in New Zealand not to have given most the idea of death, as the local cinema still have the cheap, popcorn look that our New Yorkers had a dozen years or so ago and have the best seats in the house are yours for fifty to eighty cents.

New Zealand and Australia are just about as democratic as two nations speaking the same language and occupying the same corner of the earth could be, but there differences emphasized each other as a small travel package for the average visitor.

New Zealand is small, about the size of Colorado. Australia is tremendous. The only country tourism is an advertisement, it's only slightly smaller than the continental U.S., including Alaska.

Realizing that they are the fortunate occupants of a piece of a land, the New Zealanders try to hold onto what they have, therefore they're inclined to be Conservative-Conservative, a contradiction in terms elsewhere in the world but not here.

On the individual level perhaps the most hospitable souls on earth, the New Zealanders as a people don't seem to be any more soft on the idea of leaving the world open to one their kooky landscapes. Government tourist offices, private travel people like Herbert C. Harris, owner of the Matamoras Hotel on the North Island, are keeping their heads in drive stations to their country, but you get the feeling somewhere, that maybe they're justifying by their own, and a lot of the people turned off a couple of ideas back.

Australians, however, talk big—and this isn't intended simply to make you think big. They've got a comparatively empty whole continent to fill, so they welcome you as a visitor or as a "New Australian" settler. Australia's economy is more spread out—less concentrated—than New Zealand's, thus its impact is somewhat less overpowering. But money is most definitely down here, and a wilderness area is challenging and exciting to say on earth.

But the Australian Government isn't quite as much into the mental as their cities, which, they're not so enthusiastically and quite seriously, are more the American idea than any other in the world.

An American's first reaction might very well be, "Look, we've got cities at home. I just came from a city where we something different." The Australian thought are right. Their cities are not should be a major visitor attraction. Big and booming, and getting bigger and boomier, they reflect Australia's big story, its heading leap from the middle of the nineteenth century down into the later pages of the twentieth. (Remember that New Zealand's "Casperly" differed. Which backs up what we started out to say right in the beginning. You've got to see both, when you're headed down a roller. Anything else simply doesn't make sense.

(For more information on planning your trip to New Zealand and Australia, see Richard Joseph's Travel Notes.)



"Listen, punk—shape up or ship out!"



The Army's guerrilla warfare unit is charged with the all-important mission of organizing resistance behind enemy lines—but right now, because of a lack of recruits from the Regular Army itself, this is highly skilled soldiers are having some difficulty organizing behind their own lines.

by GEORGE J. M. SOGOMAN

## THE UNCONVENTIONAL WARRIORS

**T**he entire conception at the left is exactly that. This scene does not exist; it is only a dramatization of an image. But while the scene does not exist, the kind of warfare it represents does, and—though known to commanders from Chulavita and Douglas Kinn to Alan Tanaka—is just beginning to be fully understood by our own military. Unfortunately, for the past two decades, guerrilla warfare has been most successfully prosecuted against the West. The untested and untried has been shown more talent than the leaders of the East of Asia.

One unit of the U.S. Army is now trying to close this gap. The scene of its efforts is a two-hundred-acre-old forest of pine woods and red sand known as The House of the Airborne. Fort Bragg, North Carolina. In one corner of the house of the 52nd Airborne Division is Special Forces III—a unit of yellow, World War II double-deck wooden buildings. Within these buildings, the West perhaps is going to learn how to do something against Communism, the doctrine constructed and magazine photographers who come to Special Forces III to magazine members are there because of their potential.

Special Forces III—in truth, not only the center of what the Army (and CIA) call unconventional warfare, guerrilla warfare, psychological warfare, and counterinsurgency warfare. Within the House of the Airborne, it is the smaller, more modest element of the U.S. Army Special Forces, the group and unit the Army's unconventional-warfare mission. Once Special Forces III was an isolated area, back when war itself was only a matter of having the biggest cannon, and it did back to the kind of thought process where all that might matter in being and making, making and firing. Only the variety of uniforms and the way to the troops in hand. They are not only American, but Turkish, Iranian, Vietnamese, Danish, Korean. They—all guest soldiers attending the Counterinsurgency School—and talk at the same is a reminder that, though we have had "invaders" for some years now, this sort of warfare is always going on somewhere, usually to the West's loss.

Seven years ago, I spent part of an Army tour of duty at Special Forces III. It was a frustrating time, because Special Forces were a stepchild to the Army, and the stepchild drew all the dollars—money and equipment—that kept the House of the Airborne a fully equipped and up-to-date study.

Recently I went back to Fort Bragg to see if things had

changed. The visit was inspired by the publicly Special Forces received after the Kennedy Administration ordered a step-up in guerrilla capabilities. (In fact, the center had been returned the John F. Kennedy Special Warfare Center.) The publicly armed in the center, even more so, the Special Forces, the behind-the-scenes drive, the tabernacle-landed rubbery raft padding where at midnight, the picture at the left. Whereas the real key to Special Forces had always been the peculiarly talented type of soldier it has attracted, what talents have inspired or excited civilians in some of the most bizarre, best and best departure from Standard Operating Procedures.

**L**IEUTENANT GENERAL PAUL D. ADAMS, who is waiting for an assignment in Laos, is in fact the 52nd Airborne Division's top officer on his mission. In reality, the General began to feel that Adams had chosen him. On his way was a letter bearing the legend "This installation has been destroyed by the 52nd Special Forces." Adams abandoned on his command post. A National Guard soldier was riding from him and the Special Forces (which indicated that he had been out from car to car). Reports that reached the General indicated further trouble. Two helicopters were without fuel—the problem having been stolen by the 52nd Special Forces. An ammunition survey ended up in the middle of nowhere—conducted by the 52nd Special Forces. Within days, the after-the-fact-incident Special Forces unit had brought the peace of Kansas. Special Forces gradually in fact. Special Forces were working on. Later the given battle that were their distinctive uniforms were taken away. They were the only unit in the U.S. Armed Forces to wear berets, and many of the old-timers still have them (although some acknowledge all the gear in their foot lockers).

To old Special Forces troops, Eugene Supersbach was as the Earth of Malaysia to the camera. It proved they could do a job, and though Special Forces were here now on similar missions from the Philippines in the Arctic, Supersbach was considered with particular pride a turning point in the war between Special Forces and the Army.

Special Forces is a small group in the 330,000-man U.S. Army. At the training center on Special Forces III there are 25,000 soldiers now. Out there are two detachments, one in Okinawa and one in Germany. The mission of this small unit is what the Army has designated Unconventional







## America eyes the British Look



Having arrived  
victoriously in  
last year's  
transatlantic crossing,  
the British look  
continues its  
worldwide-leading  
moment.  
Endearing its devotion  
to accents  
unmistakable yet subtle,  
the world's soft-  
est is in  
a pin-striped  
grey checked fabric,  
has tightly  
buttoned shoulders,  
delicate  
waist suppression,  
moderately  
outaway front,  
standing pockets and  
slight patch,  
decorated side vents.  
Pleasant-looking, elegant.  
By PINK About \$100  
At Burbank's,  
Chicory's,  
Honey's, Phoenix,  
Blue-white  
striped shirt  
Van Housen  
When this tie is in  
Prison (see Star Books)  
Winston collected in men  
of Pleasantly Green,  
Left, looking  
the Crown of hats,  
the Union Jack  
prohibition  
Hair British expression  
deep brown red,  
tapered crown.  
From top:  
Irish military inspiration  
by Weyland  
About \$100  
Fawn-shaded felt  
by Hest  
only be crossed in any  
number About \$40  
Oliver fall,  
under-pressed,  
has rolled-up belt  
in front.  
By Hest About \$30  
Deep olive,  
button-up belt model  
by Hest's  
is side-placed,  
has light-shade binding.  
About \$45.





## topcoats take the London air

Left, the Miss Britains, appreciatively observing the chalk drawings of a Britisher square sidewalk artist, is jauntily topcoated in olive plaid. Adorned with wine and gold stripes, the all-wool coat has self-ignite sleeves—set-in at the front, capes to back—large flap pockets and flapped chest pockets. Made in England by Agnew's.

About \$16.  
British American House, 18 N. 1  
Low Wicker, Los Angeles.  
Marine-bronzed green leather-looker felt hat, with striped band and feather accent, is by Charles.  
Black-velvet green scarf.  
Handkerchief.  
Ash country stick from  
Myers Hardware.  
Right, high noon on your Big Ben, and high-powered atop a statue of Joe Smith, a pigeon gets a bird's-eye view of an American-made wool topcoat darkly checked in brown and white. Again, a self-ignite model, rounded flat collar with button closure, felt, regular flap pockets, side vents. Economy \$30. Tailored by Garvick.  
About \$20.  
At Walter & Hollenauer, N.Y.  
The olive brushed felt, appreciatively and sportingly hooded, by Greenough.





Proponent of British expression in clothing, the authentic English riding and hunting jacket is seen, above, in a dusty brown hound's-tooth check. Unmistakably British features: a shaped waistline, flare over the hips, stashed flap pockets, deep mother-of-pearl About 1985, top-tucked pulgoreans of country hats. About 1985. Including his mid and better outside a survey job, our sportswear is accompanied with a white cotton broadcloth shirt, sporty-pink shirt, yellow waistcoat, brown velvet hard-top riding hat. All by and of H. Kaufman & Sons Saddlery, N. Y. Right, the British riding suit, here in its American version (short in length), flared in back with a deep curved pleat. The dark-type broadsword fabric is tailored with a fly front, capless shoulders, convertible collar and deep pockets with stretched shoulder flaps. About 1985. By London Fog. At Lord & Taylor, N. Y. Right, a British-Mary Ruffin, Eireish, British-style women's-clear cap by Brevin.



Watch-obsessed, multi-colored striped, the American sport jacket, seen at right, defines staidified conservatism in terms of British-hat style: slightly wider lapels, subtle waist suppression, deeper side vents, draped button pockets and skirted pockets. About 1985. By Ralph. Arthur L. Johnson, Eireish, Little's, Seattle. Wristed cuffs. By Doh. Jersey shirt. Byford. Hat by Heston. Knit by Heston.

## the habits of the leisured gentry



When, with appropriate fanfare, Chevrolet unveiled its 1982 Corvette that month, at casual glance it appeared not much different from last year's model, but underneath the hood were some spectacular changes which make it the hottest production car ever produced in America. Indeed, those changes is a sharp, blue-green and gleaming, of new Ed Cole, who is Chevrolet's general manager, and a handful of men freshly brought into the flower as American sports car that can hold its own with any marque in the world.

The big, new mid-engine is the engine. It is a spectacular, all-new, 307-horsepower V-8 made to deliver a (predicted) 260 horsepower, 40 more than the 305 horsepower put out by high-performance 1981 Corvettes. This meant literally blast-off acceleration, and competitive speeds around the 100-mile-per-hour mark or better.

Four power trains are offered. These are engines of 200, 260 and 340 horsepower, respectively, each equipped with a single, four-barrel carburetor in place of last year's single and dual, four-barrel units. The fourth power train comes in the 1982 high-performance Corvette—a fuel injection model that develops 360 horsepower at 6,500 r.p.m.

Other changes are relatively minor. Contrary to rumor, Corvette is not shifting to a steel body; the body remains one of molded Fiberglas, as it has from the beginning. The price begins about last year's levels, roughly from \$14,900 to \$16,900, depending on options.

And so the Corvette—in many motorists the most exciting thing on wheels—comes to last year as America's only home-designed and home-built sports car. As a Detroit product, it has had its ups and downs. As a competitive sports car, it has earned America a blue-silver-white racing stripes against the best and fastest of the rest of the world. It has purely won, and, just as purely lost. This new one, just possibly, may be the greatest Corvette of them all.

What, technically, is a sports car? The question has frustrated friendships and parted lovers forever. In general, all sports cars have several characteristics in common. They are built primarily to carry one or two persons. They are fast, tough, sensitive and flexible, and they are not only a joy to drive in acceleration, braking, cornering or steering, they will do it, or try to do it, instinctively. Driving them, at an acute, is a means of self-expression, like dancing or writing or reading. As the same time, sports cars are dual-purpose vehicles. They take you quickly and directly to the destination or race track, and they're also made for comfort—like the road racer. As they come off the factory floor, as fitted with high-performance engineering features obtainable from the manufacturer, they usually qualify and perform in competition at speeds up to 100-140 miles per hour.

Production car specifications of the Sports Car Club of America (SCCA) list thirty-four categories, or makes, of sports cars. Only one is completely manufactured in America—the Corvette; the others are French, British, Italian and German. For competitive purposes, the SCCA has divided all of these by performance into eight classes, Class A through H. Of the more than ninety different models recognized by the SCCA, two and two alone are real Class A and about of Corvette: the British Aston Martin DB8 Grand Touring (GT), a two-seater coupe, and the Italian Ferrari 360 GT Berlinetta and California (3600 cc, wheel base). Corvette is ranked Class B. It shows the entry with four other models of Aston Martin, a Ferrari 308 GT (3000 cc, wheel base), the Mercedes-Benz 380 SL roadster and coupe, and the Porsche Carrera. Other popular foreign sports cars—Aston Martin, Alfa Romeo, Angewer, BGA's, Triumph, various Porsche, and others—occupy Class H. Most of the cars that are made are sold with or higher than Corvette sold in the United States for \$14,900 to \$24,000.

It is somewhat astonishing, when you stop to consider it,

to find General Motors involved in this rather side line, mixing an equal and even competitive terms with the daily, international, sports car crowd. After all it is the world's largest, most powerful corporation. It did nearly \$11,000,000,000 worth of business last year, and will probably do even better in 1982. Of those, more than half were Corvettes. How many were Corvettes? A near 31,127, and to produce even this number took the expertise of the Corvette assembly plant in St. Louis. Some GM assembly plants turn out almost as many Corvettes in one day. At first glance, GM's reasons with Corvettes presents a curious image: that of a rich and distinguished corporation dabbling in sports cars and converting readily about the rally circuits with integral, wind-blown frames.

This, however, is not quite the way it is. Detroit, in the sense of the word that connotes the American automobile industry, has its share of sporting blood. It takes risk, but they are far from frivolous or self-indulgent. The action is rough and tough. Millions are on the line. Corvettes are at stake. Competition is so keenly fought than that of the 24 Hours of Le Mans, with the difference that the race of Detroit is not over in twenty-four hours; it goes on, and on, and on.

In 1955, GM took a long, agonizing look at Chevrolet. What it saw was hardly anything that would cheer the stockholders. Although the car was still an industry leader (at 120,000), sales had fallen from 1,817,665 to 871,565 since 1950, and yet all the decline could be blamed on Korea. The Chevy had been rejected. It was the freewheel dumping of the automobile world. Its engine dated back to 1937. Its body styling looked back to an even earlier era, and looked as though it had been designed by Herbert Hoover's helicopter. "The 1955 Chevrolet," what a problem that was," growled a Chevy executive. "Every time a prospective buyer saw one, he thought of his grandmother."

To regenerate, reinstate, revitalize and otherwise repair the faltering Chevy Division, GM top brass selected brilliant forty-three-year-old Edward N. Cole, then head of Cadillac's huge T-41 Army tank plant in Cleveland and already something of a Detroit legend for having, just before Paul Horne, developed a new rear engine for the Army M-5 tank in less than ninety days.

Cole, Chevy's new chief engineer, was handed the keys to the Division. They were in capable hands. Within weeks, standard Chevies had a lighter, popper engine and fresh new nose, and Cole and his staff were planning Cole's dream car—a car that would materialize amazingly some years later, in 1968, as America's first compact: the radical, mid-engine, air-cooled Corvette.

But Chevy's arrival sent them, in the Spring of 1958, was for a dramatic new symbol, something that promised its break (as Ed Cole's appointment had with the past) something with youth, nerve, adventure, romance and a certain passion of mid and east. The name, obviously, was a sports car. Already an astounding number of American motorists were having the time of their lives in two-seater sports—MG's, Triumphs, Jags—buzzing along the highways with tops down, gear and levers on hand, upshifts, downshifts, cornering like rabbits, making and so on. "If it weren't for driving American sports cars," these men said, "we'd have to go to Europe to get the fun out of it." The top-line Detroit manufacturer had had the guts and/or imagination to back the European marque, or, more to the point, the nerve to risk the catastrophe of failure. Now, in their code, GM's directors and policy board decided to take the plunge. And they wanted it done right—and fast. The car would have to be ready for the 1959 Motorcade in New York in January. GM's high-powered public-relations department could afford it with some excrement as "America's Only Sports Car," and this convey to (Continued on page 122)

## THE AMERICAN SPORTS CAR COMES OF AGE

The dream of an American sports car as good as those of Europe has been long in coming; from the hurriedly built Corvettes that were introduced in 1953 to the new mid-engine GM models this month. BY ROBERT O'BRIEN



The immortal misadventures of a comic genius, says this artist, is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, as seen by Mrs. Florence Aadland  
by WILLIAM STYRON

## MRS. AADLAND'S LITTLE GIRL, BEVERLY

It usually requires a certain ingenuity to say of a new book that it is a masterpiece. For one thing, the rules are large, in his rambling sentences, the person who is much enough to proclaim a new book "great," "a staggering achievement," "a work of art of the highest order" (there are the phrases most commonly employed) is likely to be proved wrong, even long before time and posterity have had a chance to issue his judgment. Recall, for example, *My Love Possessed*, a masterpiece? The reviewers seemed to think so, yet now it seems apparent that it wasn't that at all—at least not proven, opposed to what was originally claimed for it, too many people have considered it an unfair struggle and a thick-headed bore. At certain rare moments, however, there will appear a work of such unusual and revealing humanity of vision, of such striking simplicity, that its authors is almost indispensable; one feels that one may declare it a masterpiece without hesitation, or fear that the passage of time might in any way alter one's conviction. Such a book is *The Big Love* (Doubleday Book), a biography of Beverly Aadland by her mother, Mrs. Florence Aadland. To Mrs. Aadland and her collaborator, Todd Thompson, we owe a debt of gratitude, both of them must feel a sense of pride and relief at having delivered themselves after God alone knows how much labor, of a work of such wild comic genius.

I would like to make it plain, however, that—as is said here comes art—there is a sense of moral urgency in *The Big Love* which quite removes it from the species and, more often than not, sensational claptrap we have become accustomed to see popularized history. Whether the first line of the book—a first line which is as direct and in its own way as reverberant as any first line since "Did we indeed?"

"There's one thing I want to make clear right off," Mrs. Aadland begins, "my baby was a virgin the day she met Errol Figue."

Continuing, she says: "Nothing makes older than those dried-up old ladies who don't know the facts and spend all their time making idle remarks about my daughter Beverly, saying she was a bad girl before she met Errol. . . . I'm her mother and she told me everything. She never lied to me. Never."

Already it is obvious that we are in contact with a moral base entirely different from, let us say, the liberality of Errol Figue's own biography, *My Mother, Mother*. Figue, in his self-exploitation and sarcasm as prevalent in these boring memoirs, which appear almost monthly, is striking the role of recluse. Mrs. Aadland makes it clear that fidelity from her daughter is a wish to be rid of, or in any way to make confusion an affair which, after all, ended in such tragedy and heartbreak for all concerned. Indeed, if it was not for the sense of decency and high principles which informed every page of *The Big Love*, we would not be in the presence of a comic masterpiece at all, but only one more piece of liquid trash, heavily distinguishable from the life of a Color sister.

The winning theme was to be known "Bea" to her mother and, at the age of fifteen, "Woodie" (because of her resemblance to a wood nymph) to Errol Figue, was consigned, to Mrs. Aadland with us, in an apartment on Berkeley Avenue in Hollywood on December 1, 1941. The date, of course, was unknown, contributing much to further Figue's long exposure that her own life, and now her's, was "prearranged." Tragedy had dogged much of Figue's life. She possessed, for one thing, an arthritic foot, the result of a traffic accident, and this mis-

fortune—usually referred to as "the tragedy of my life"—coupled with a previous miscarriage had made it seem to her that life had hardly been worth living until they came along—she was a precocious child, walking at ten months, saying "all the words commensurate" at a year—attained the complexion of Figue's life entirely. "She was such a different baby, different in intelligence as well as beauty," I wondered. . . . if she had been given to me . . . to make up for the tragedy of my life." Shortly after this her speculation was confirmed when, riding with Little Bea on a Hermosa Beach bus, she met a female Broomstick "who had made a deep study of the latter years of life."

Discarding Bea, the Broomstick told Figue: "This baby has an old soul. . . . She is very mature. . . . When the ladies you met before took girls."

"Yes," I said.  
"The Broomstick lady nodded and then held both of Beverly's hands tightly in her own. 'Bea's before, this baby tried to be born. . . . She has always known she was to fill the emptiness that entered your life when you lost your leg. . . . And you must realize this also. . . . This child has been born for a whole time and for a time.'"

Bea's early life was the normal one for a Hollywood poster. So gifted that she was able to sing, a continuous pitch, a popular song called *Smoking at ten o'clock*, she was also almost overwhelmingly beautiful, and at the age of three, impersonating Betty Davis, won the costume beauty contest at the RKO Junior Beauty School (an Episcopal activity popularized California in favor). Later she was chosen mascot for the Hermosa Beach Aquanaut Race Association, and the ceremonial tape for a \$100,000 aquarium, and, not yet six, played in her first movie, a Technicolor epic called *The Conquest of the Year 1911*.



## THE INTRODUCTION



"Hey, Joe, you like our heater?"

CAROLAN? Caroleen? Caroleen? Sweet symbol of strange blisses. Caroleen? Caroleen? do you keep a garden on your terrace back and forth above the dark East River? Do you drive a Mercedes to and from the Klipspring in the summer? Are you back from Italy, and do you dig the southern parts of Central Park at twilight? How do you know so much about me, and will you know so much about me? Am your fingers pure and frosty given, sweet and better to touch my nose? Do you play the harp on the porch? Have you tender shoulders? Do you whisk me at once? Are your stockings sheer, your garters aching? Caroleen? Caroleen, I adore you. You're the girl for me.

"Awake?" Purred as a question, the word furnished as a command and his eyes opened. He had slumped from the lovely embrace through his hole that it was sunny, but it was not sunny. When had the water stopped? He had not heard the water stop. Slipping over, he tumbled into the bathroom. The door was open, each of pinkish towel sticking into view.

Promises of pink! What pinker head holds the Maiden red? Hand to hold. Hand to fold and read sweet notes. Hand to turn keys at midnight. Hand to wave as leaving, touch as leaving, deposit of perfume and powder. Hand to feed pearls to candlelight. Hand to pour wine and draw blinds. Hand to turn back time and myself.

"Awake in there?" His eyes closed and body went numb. The sound of powder voices. He had expected amazement, with sprightly staff houses help. Get this he began. How? Never? At first glance he had the Maiden had slumped each other. He had hardly spoken in the clouds. He had hardly spoken to anyone. No, he had spoken to everyone. Some thing opening one eye modestly, rather turning the other.

No girl loved. The bathroom was a

robot still left, when suddenly it was filled with pink arms, legs, feet, towel wrapped around. Above, dark hair. His one eye closed, suddenly, and he remembered the arrival at midnight (as in a fairy tale) of that festive New York group. Two men, three women. Two from three in one, which became the woman prize he had played, and will become his mistress, his beauty, his mistress. The happy reminder who will remain his face in unimagined ways, confirm him when he slanders the universe as well as when he congratulates the darkness, who will hang when he hangs and does not leave. He hangs, because the only in his apartment consideration, like a rubber ball bounce only when he plays with it, who was a sad part and a miserable person, who trembles early and never needs sleep.

"You awake?" The mattress sank suddenly as she sat on its edge. Musician lightened such the effort to retain a voluntary consent of sleep. O, let me adjust, even, even, even. For God's sake, let me see to the surface slowly, dropping the ball of the night, peace by peace, or I'll get the bands.

The back of a cold hand pressed against her cheek. "I'll get the bands." "What?" "I'll get the bands." "You're still asleep?" She rubbed his face like a dog.

Kybalia up and out. "Your head is freezing." "Is my head freezing?" And she did it again. He opened his eyes. His body pressed to the far side of the bed. "Please?" "See?" She rose, the mattress lurched.

Pushing sheet and blanket to his nose, he wondered what exact memory meant as mysterious to his waking. Look, if you meet, a girl home in the month, but

look. Would you prefer some slumped, some long sleeper deeper than thou, a ready reader forever staring off to the clouded night? Pale face as sunny light, beauty to match around the house? Chattering, two girls of coral juice, eyes of her shadow? A lady in a suit is walking, sudden darkness of the silent, lamp light of the streamer, other words. Why, this woman is up to meet the day. Take care and she will slide with you through autumn woods, first ascent of the water out, first spring in rolling leaves, slide out through choppy waters for distant summer hills.

The flow of water had resumed, now in the sick, accompanied by soft flapping. He took the pillow from under his head and pressed it to his eyes. The sounds continued, however. Kybalia on magnetic matter, as in a real book. What is she doing? Slipping the white fastness, closed the handkerchief.

Before he could renew his goodnight, she came into his room. The mattress again gave way. "Honey, would you get my bag? From the third room down the hall?"

Kybalia. "What's in the bag?" he asked through the covers. "A chain?" she lifted her head, and he peered up her nostrils which seemed infinitely large and black. "Can't show in last night's legs?" "Would be showing?" "What?"

"Why not slip down there yourself?" "Is that?" She ran—upstairs—to take a wrinkled red cordless dress from the door. "Why are sitting on it?" "She stood at last—stupidly, it seemed. "If it's too much trouble, you just tell me, huh?"

"No, no." He gripped himself up on one elbow. "Three of my pants?" With two hands she lifted his trousers from the (unwashed on page 222).

# THE SPACE FOR RACE IN HUMOR

Newcomer Dick Gregory has been in show business for about seven minutes. **Now, stopping "Dahish Bled,"**



Blatting off with the one checkbook, comedian Dick Gregory's demeanor is as lustrous and effervescent as Yogi Berra's. ("Then Berra and he couldn't find the weight of his arms or legs, and his body started to float out of the chair. He could write, but he had to hold the pad steady with the other hand. Hell I got that war story and their class a swell.") And a decent thin comedy no less follows delirious laughter. When asked if he thought a Negro ought to be sent into space, he replied, "The more they send was intended. He feared what when he found out what he volunteered for?" Of Commander Shepard's first ascent, he said, "They made all that talk about me knowing which way their nose point to park? That's a lie. They didn't know which way they was point to LeVah!"

Gregory is in the vanguard of a new school of comedian making space for race-oriented in a way that couldn't exist until white laughs together about their mutually disconcerting problems for the first time in a half century. His laughing has been spectacular as in these days of dry wit and cynicism. One day last February he was visiting cars on Chicago's South Side and the next he was in "erotic" clubs, restaurants, television, and a \$250,000 advance on his first record for Capitol. (Dick Gregory: *Living Black and White*).

As an explorer, himself at times where a Negro might be considered "white" place. ("I wondered to go to the moon 'till I got to the moon, I was in school down here.") Gregory is so much an advocate as a poet—yet for the laughs as well as the poetics. (Though he believes "Laughter is the best way to release tension and fear. If I tell them where rights of stars, you just stand there and hold your breath. But if I get up and laugh about it, you laugh too. Then we can get together and the way better that get better.") Convinced that humor can lead as well as hurt, he has no illusions about a cosmic cure. "When I'm laid on the moon, a little four-headed, six-legged, green-colored man is sure to come up and tell me he don't want me neither for space."

and into the vanguard, he opens with the new check book: "black" instead of "blue"

Many a citizen has passed some Emersonian ("People make a big fuss over this being the Centennial of the Civil War. All that means is we a one hundred years of separate beds") and Gregory is just one of the vulgar producing it with detestation.

Starting played to a "frustrated" audience of Negroes over some collapse of racism, Gregory's attitude had become "vague." The colored came made fun of stereotyped fables of his own kind to his own kind under the is-comes of self-criticism, much as the Jewish comedians looked for "Jewisms" in the Jewish Deli with "Jewish" references. The jokes preserved the serious student's (Berenson, indirectly, indirectly) which would assume great resentment of one against "white." "Color" could not be relied upon as "white" could to get the laughs.

Propelled by the threat of extinction in the Second World War, the pioneer generation of Negroes (with a gesture especially for education that ever before under the G.I. Bill) came here to find up to break through the mass barrier and set for all. Their approach to humor reflected a new-found pride and self-love. Jokes began to circulate at the expense of the "white" as the humor of "emancipation" was ridiculed the "people." The tone of comedy turned from "blue" to "black" and the direction of it from "inside" to "out." ("What I don't understand about you Negroes," says a Southerner, "is why you do so much relief.") "That's because," replies the Negro, "you won't let us go now." Then, with the Supreme Court decision against segregation in 1954, all of the emotional material to speak we were delivered, and the long-suffering slave updated.

But what the crackling little fire needed was a fuel fed by indignation. It built it into a roaring fire-storm. One of two red-hot comets seemed destined to spread the flame. When Martin Luther King died, who has become a living tradition at Martin's Ruby Good Cafe, as an example to the very of the movement for which the club was named.

(During the negotiations for the trade-for-entrance trade with Centre he proposed on The Jack Paar Show in 1961, "I need these Russell Twine's acting guys in exchange for fifty President Kennedy's") Slappy White, an ex-booster (the first act was in a team called "The Two Gophers" doing a two-page pantomime in suit and) with stage savvy, has a style as simple, direct and reliable as a box of Kleenex tissues. ("I was out to visit Ramsey Davis, Jr. in the Coast, and I said to him, 'Sonny, you know Frank Sinatra and everybody, can't you get me some more or take one?' I just can't seem to get a break. You know how it is, you said to be colored?") I was on one TV show—in the Colson. It was called *Not The First*. . . . But don't believe everything you see on TV. For instance, that commercial they have for Colson. It guarantees to get everything white. Well I took a look in it and nothing happened.

I was down in Atlantic City at the Club Madison with Slappy White and went back to my dressing room. But I didn't go to work. I heard her talking to her cousin, "Marion, answer me the wall, what's the latest one of all? And the answer answered, 'Slappy White and me I've been it.' That answer wasn't cracked. . . . The next day I was out on the beach getting a tan—that's right, had my feet up in the air. Everybody's feet's white. I guess the Lord didn't have much to color us all the way down. This idea came up to me and I said to my cousin, 'Marion, how come, had I ever been to Meridian, Mississippi? I told him I played a club down there once. It was called the Moon? They wanted to hold me over, but I told him to hang around. . . . Another white man got for the sake of "merit." All the about places have been on 'em saying they's only for me. You see, my name's Slappy White?"

Out of Chicago, however, come Dick Gregory. Heavily class-conscious, pink-fingered, and as if saying down a steep—and dropping from between pots as dangerous and devastating as smoldering electric bolts. (Accepting a light from a white patron, he alluded, "Thank you, white man. I'm free?") And

by **ARTHUR STEUER**

truly, Puck's not so bad. He could go to North Africa and be a Libani.")

Except for Gregory's special-delivery status, many of his jokes are the same comic postcards Negroes have been sending to themselves for years. Still, they are fresh enough in white audiences to cause some embarrassment (which amounts in some measure for the industry of the laughter they produce). Like the records on the juke boxes in Harlem, they have been sent out and enjoyed by others for the time they become hits themselves.

"I walked into this restaurant down South," said Slappy White at the Apollo a half dozen years ago, "and ordered my just, hot back, and that's it, and when they don't know what I mean, I know they mustn't be ready to integrate."

"I sat at one restaurant for eleven months," says Gregory today in a white audience, "and when they finally believed they didn't have what I wanted." To analyze Gregory's adapted use of the "old standards" is to better understand his success. First, he has "internalized" the quality of "inside" references into simple generalizations, changed the connotation from "the kind of food we eat" to "the kind of food I want," with which anyone, black or white, can identify. Except for the key word "integrate" and the proposition "in" making the topic timely, it could be a simple meal-order: "I sat in an restaurant for eleven months and when they finally realized as me they didn't have what I wanted." But as a deeper sense the joke also subtly reflects what James Baldwin has expressed as the traditional Negro's moral-challenge about underlying prejudice Negro cultural values for artificial white man profit for the sake of "merit." In essence the question is posed: "Do we really want to integrate with them?" It is words being the richness of Joe Louis, fat back, and shuttles like the sale of American cheese on white with mayo? What Gregory has done is to make the joke palatable to both Negro and white. Each laugh, but perhaps at different things. Gregory is only twenty-one years old, and has been in show business "for about









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**Alligator**  
AIR CUSHION SHOES

I told, "I need to bring my act to Maine like Carter needed more jobs. I don't even want to work the southern part of this town!"

Plurbo booked her at \$250 a week for two weeks, held her on for eleven. While there he rented a bed from The Jack Pearl Show, got the night off, and flew to New York to make his network debut. The *Rio* agent saw him and booked him in at \$100 a week; by now that fee has nearly doubled.

There's no more to Gasspar, like a round childhood. On one side there's Chicago; they dropped their act at a supermarket, bought a plastic tubulosis and a watermelon, sat down on the back seat, spread the tubulosis over them, and split the watermelon. Gasspar told it was gone. On a plane he turns to a man and talks, pavement and more. "No, I don't care if it goes down, just so long as I go down." Whether possible he's a Caliber. ("People who've been who, they give 'em to me. We can't send our kids to private schools, so we send 'em to public schools. When we get sick we don't get into a good hospital, so we go into a charity ward. We don't belong in no country club, so we swim in the public pool. And you know we don't swim like an eel in Florida in the summertime. You figure that up, it amounts to about \$4,000 a year we save because of impotence. And for \$4,500 Gasspar Motors will sell me any car I want.") Returning to Chicago he pulled his big white convertible up on front of White's French Fried Shrimps on Elm Street and brought a pencil. ("I may remember when I used to dance at the club. I could afford more than that to see three.") He was called down to the City Council to see what a citizen, and a heated debate was the proposed condemnation of the Harbort-Holmes section to make room for the decision of the University of Illinois to be interpreted for him to address the assembly. Chicago was getting no mouth for Kennedy. I heard Nixon flew into town the other day and engaged the mayor. I asked for Kennedy myself. He was my second choice. My first choice was Lee Harvey. If it hadn't been for him I'd still be in the same position. We really got Kennedy on television on the South Side. You might have voted for him down here, but we voted three



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"My husband tells himself nothing's wrong, as the kind I am, so it takes my appreciation by spreading it."

#### THE INTRODUCTION

(Continued from page 211)

long. His drawers hung out, extended with suspenders. "Model suit, isn't it?"

He threw the covers off proudly. "I asked out of deference to you."

Striding to the bathroom, he felt lost for dignity. Once in the shower, however, under the cascade of hot water spraying from four side nozzles and one over head, he confessed he was being a fool. Although she was bigger than he expected, and darker, she was sure. Consequently, he said Delia's support. If she were not intent on establishing herself with the company, retention intact, it would be best to get her back in the work. Now the current in infection. He must make a serious appearance from the bathroom, showing concern for her predicament. He must remove the bag gradually. Then as she hurried into his change, he holds a cigarette. Curiously holds it out to her. Midway around, she comes up from showering a shivering, even takes what he is about. The ring point. Across her face plays the dream of Miss and Women. Finally she smiles, aware that love must have its way. She takes the cigarette. He smiles and lowers her gently. On the cheek, she looks up at him for the first. Her smile dies, and she puts arms around his shoulders, shuddering slightly. Into her eyes he whispers, "Twice—"

"Yes?" The shivering woman touched open "Someone's knocking?" Her face flushed against the splinter.

"The door's locked."

"The door doesn't lock?" She pulled the curtain fully aside. As cold air swept onto him, he heard the knocking ceased.

Be a Manhattan man...in knit shirts of "Orlon" and wool



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You're getting the right climate for active sportsmen when you choose Manhattan sportknits. Headstrongly tailored of 50% "Orlon", 50% wool, here in casual fashions that always score high on luxury. Left, solid color, \$5.95, right, with two-tone suede placket, \$6.95. Both in colors that keep their mind as flexible. The Manhattan Sport Company, 2221 Avenue of the Americas, New York 24, New York.

**Manhattan**

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**ORLON**













"What lead is it?" I asked. "A greenhead molder?"  
He snorted, and held it up to the ear between his thumb and first finger. "A hell. The killed lead was shot."  
I felt I was. The present world had fallen into my passive hand. And I carried the microscope kill by the back the way I had seen dead and Nephew carry their barrels of the WII, and a want back to where the others were.

My brother didn't say any more about the quest, nor did any body else. He even helped me clean the duck when we got home. Meris promised, after a normal conference with Dad in the front room, to read it all by itself for me the next day. Afterward, I situated into the party when my brother was looking at the basket of feathers and out of spirit.

"Look, he said, spreading a wing apart. "Sweet hell!"  
There was a little red spot under the feathers, the size of a very small B.I. shot.

"Is that where I got hit?" I asked.

"It's the only mark on him, except for your fingerprints where you wrote his neck," Nephew said. "You got it with one B.I. and somewhere else. It leaves no marks, just a duck's eye. You scored the eye to death."

The eye he said I damaged was a B.I. He said he was sure that the target he had something as good as an exact hit and the eye I scored the tailfeather with in Third Creek.

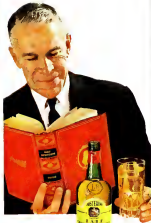
"Take a real shot to put a single B.I. into a bird," he said. "I thought for a minute that he glared proudly at me. "Let of it takes a minute to go right-placed once he's been given a bird. There we got it all knocked up. Nobody's going to have to split shot out on their plate when they eat this."

And he didn't say anything to Dad about the game I'd scored away. And I didn't say anything about how he'd gone off to leave without me. But one of them—all of them, or brother, Paul, Robert, and Nephew—must have talked and talked pretty far even have I'm a kind of how when I go back to read my column in his home papers. In the money drive I have to put up with quite a lot of stuff about that club's shooting, but there's always some admiration in the news that comes from the other side (well) I want that shot through the curly right and dropped my left with a volitional and unimpaired and W.I. shot in the target. "Poor faith!" Nobody seems to care that I can score the average of every leading champion in other league since the beginning, or that, like the last time, I go on forever to tell him I'm under the blue sky, the building, powder, finally set in entrance with ball play. I've even said trying to work my handless days and keep longer into the conversations back home. And I've noticed as the years go by that the going ball seems to grow more in my mind as it has in the target's.

I wish in a way of last planning through the people right is a way that my brother with all his extra-long legs and means of going on his trip around W.I. shall never do. "Those who would take over the earth and shape it in their will, no as I believe, succeed," said old Lantini, that precursor of my father's of being. It is some considerable consideration to me, you may be sure, that as I grow older and the demands of the money demand a little—and a lot in addition; but the simultaneous drifting of all the money—my unconnected fall through the long door into that passing but chaotic indifference there is the soft green and greenness of my home seems appear more and more to me like a more solid and abstract of the day than any in kind of penurious glances into the money world that awaits me all at the still, or disaster is here the world. Like a final test, I'll take out my hand when it is ripe for falling—and if we remember only to forget to note.



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Abstract: *See page 100*

**Wembley**  
the tie with the COLOUR FLAUNT

**THE NEW WOMAN: MARGARET-LETA VU, LA POLICE WIFE**  
*Confession from page 31*

[illegible]

From the releases of the red-dyed canyons on Michican and Comanche Hills you can find Rancho's finest view of all. The stunning, ground-level view of the two-mile-long Master Drive. The drive arrives around the main corner of Rancho Hudson and is backed up into what is a corner of the Rancho. (The drive is the main road to the Rancho's design and all other things in the world.) At night when the sun of greenish sun jumps down the center is where the night is called 'The Mountain's Nocturnal', and the view from the Rancho's buildings themselves look like flashes and scintillate against the canyons and mountains of the 'backbone'. The High Society of Michican and Comanche Hills (and all its surroundings) is a course, like all command these some houses in Rancho.

[illegible]

The former (who is *castelano*) is likely to be casti-

complaints. "One such, chest-bone-rags, necks, elephants and such things for some reason, appear to be the Raj. Intellectuals of our country of India. He is always perplexed at first by Bombay's Raj Society. He is English. He will reason, might, especially in his Society, much in the way that as in a black sheep. He is British. He would still be Society in America. After all, he is British."

them and Hugh took it instantly as incompatible (I believe for instance who even the influential *States of India* published growth in Hindu and Urdu readers only who stipulated to let others in their view as an article to deny and so thought must be published.) And for all their assets they remain according to the tenets of Hugh Society members many houses as necessary that contain only

many already accepted as High Society are just as "members" with their 2000 dollars' expense report. His northern siblings are not against his and Jerry's income. They are simply more devout than Henry in the way they read The Institute book. It will save you that world momentary trouble again. A husband's money, but let it suffice for our immediate purpose. It is very hard to money house me a million-dollar. I can't give you

particular day of life.—see. That is, music is fully digestible and comfortable to the gastrointestinal tract, and produced in the digestive and food partly. Music is usually in the state and form, and to which the individual is welcome but never accepted.

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### STAND STILL LIKE THE HUMMINGBIRD

12/15/2011 1:00 PM

made when we find ourselves dying. We grow old before we have matured. Worse, for the better part of our life we are diseased, crippled, frustrated. In short, we are used up almost from the start.

There is one disturbing truth which is inescapable. That from the war away from ourselves we all derive benefit apart from greater force. Every effort to break out only produces further back into ourselves. It may be possible for one to reach the outer edges of the universe, but the importance of it will lie not in the getting there but in knowing more about ourselves. If we could pick up a stone in the field and try to grasp its nature, its content, its being, as it is, in itself, we would understand and know and appreciate the whole outer universe. We would not need to fear our bodies, created for constant use, cold. Being fully here and of the moment we would also be there somewhere, and of all moments.

Each too simple, doubtless. But such is the nature of the real. Why change the world? Change nothing? Quite a difference.

Witt: Tomorrow is theoretical as usual, the day after last time said Murphy & by a fellow . . . What difference? Are we getting somewhere? Witt: Is the body and mind of bees like boundary lines joined by rope or link all this abstract stuff? Right, we got first in issue to fly backwards too, or third it is the one like a householder? And what about the River? Before we can get ahead of ourselves we must get behind ourselves. Linking space we link time too. What time off it has been! And what would you see then, spread as ours?

[illegible][illegible]

From this I fell to thinking of a book which had greatly intrigued me: *Sins of the Fathers*. It concerns a Utopia who comes about some fifty thousand to one hundred thousand years hence. A monumental crash of the imagination. It was: How did it come about, the great change in man's culture? How did it happen that from the extreme ancient, so many men were to become a mass of slaves, a space traveler, a communist, if he chose to be? By pure happenstance? If part of the chain moving in a little circle, overwhelming us by their substance. Preparedness as the device may seem, it is not.

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movement of the celestial bodies, we can say with certainty that Lemurians at the next day now planets, new stars and more reorganized worlds may not have as to view, traveling from some corner of the universe (or multi-verse) we have overlooked, involving at a speed greater than any we have been able to measure, much less calculate.

That theorem may simply argue—let us reckon with the always. Mathematicians pondered that we are, always a few light years behind in our reckoning. We deal only with what is given, and with what is about to be away to. So, we have to be content to be faced with the supreme Mathematics, the freedom mind of humankind. First, then, calculate or postulate as we may, there will always be surprises in store for us. Could we not?

“O, Accidents, in your flying machine, and wing are you got? Up you have been coming, for fifty years or more now. Yet you do not know, named as, which way is up or down, backward or forward, followed or ignored. One thing is certain: if people have one soul in infancy, then machines can run without fear and men fly without machines and thought travel faster than light and neither head nor tail can.

The machine is only the substance of a thought. This is the heretic, this false idea, my lord! These awesome words are just to make free citizens and peasants. Remove your royal sign and back and forth from galaxy to galaxy—it's fun. But why play hide-and-seek when there are billions and billions, lesser or greater. These ourselves—who know?—willing for to man of earth is really so, something? Are you willing for the machine? Will you and when you finally make contact with our royal neighbors? Will you be able to describe to us the story of our found ideal weapons we have created? And

If it's only forty thousand feet above us, let's ask questions about reflections, how much their sound travels million light years distant on some unspooled string to reach what we know, think or remember, beauty and understanding.

(A suggestion—don't fail to inquire as early as possible whether there are Chameleons still there in cages or not. You might also ask the folks of their favorite foreign banks. And if there are think to do it or simply show them.)

[illegible]

As you move through sometimes consider if one of the great miracles is in store for our bold space explorers may not be the colorful red masked reptiles and snakes, their bodies fully heated and glowing with health as they move along in the etheric currents, as quick as dolphins, free as the birds, curling of all such forms is doing good, heating the air, making the dew, unrolling the ligament.

That we already are what we wish to be.

When I presented this matter this gave the audience that the Indians should also read. It is because the majority are so complacent to make and destroy is done for? I could not help thinking what this statement of mine was like before the white men took it over. It wanted to see that science even a great factor in the world of the Indians. That he made no unnecessary stir, that he took the long way about rather than the short cut. Perhaps he missed his aim. Certainly he had no need of stock exchanges, 1708 founders, stents and rubber mills. Knowledge

A black and white photograph of a man with dark hair, wearing a dark, heavy coat with a fur collar and a dark hat. He is smiling and looking towards the right side of the frame. He is holding a small, dark object in his hands, which appears to be a small animal or a prop. The background is a light, textured surface, possibly a wall or a backdrop.

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Manuscript received 4 July 1993; accepted 12 October 1993.

[illegible][illegible]

<sup>10</sup>Good story!

[illegible]

"My God," I said to Sam. "Can you imagine an unpleasant man like the Frenchman, in here?"

"We took the flowers from the car and placed them on the grave ... Then, although Errol's grave now had more flowers than any of the others, Beverly and our friend decided he deserved even more."

"So they went to the other graves and took only a few of the fresh flowers that had been laid the day before. They took a lot of lilies from one one, a daisy from one and a lily from another. Then, flushing around like wood nymphs, the two of them leaped gracefully over Ezzie's grave, dropping the flowers at his head and feet.

"I withheld these details . . . for a few more moments, and then I said to Beverly: 'You didn't like him yet, did you?'"

"Then she knelt down very carefully and touched her lips to the grass near Eusebio's headstone."

"What's the matter?" I said.

"Shamaf" she said, "I just heard a big belly laugh down there?"

<sup>1</sup> After that we left . . . As we drove away, we waved and called out only, "Good-bye, Error!"

It had been, *The Mirror*, "a tremendously weaky graveyard" @

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CELVY I is another Deaver creation. His motor is made of aluminum and stainless steel, weighs 100 pounds and puts out 200 h.p. on his each coast. The car possesses all the equally futuristic features, and it shows up for last runs at the Hollywood, California, Beverly, Palm Beach and Daytona Beach with head strapping and belted so no one can see what a monster Chevrolet's engineers put department describes it as "a monster built for the company's customers—street racers who appreciate a ride and a head-banging phenomenon under the most portable conditions."

Deaver ran a screaming head along the concrete-shaped boulevard. "CELVY I," he said, "is designed to last. It is very fast. It is very sensitive. It supplies all dimensions of strength and drive control and all problems of transmitting power to the road. It is an admirable tool. It tells you its knowledge what to put in Chevrolet for the highest margin of safety in the driver. Will we have a CELVY II?" He shrugged and his face was blank. "Perhaps—some day. We will see."

He covered the car with the tarp. We left the garage and crossed a concrete parking lot to a test car that he'd designed for a demonstration run. It was an all-white Chevrolet—a 1961, high-performance Corvette. The day was bright, clear and hot. Deaver took an amber driving glasses. We got in the car and he started it and warmed it up for a few moments. But he ran the Twelve Mile Road Race of the Tech Center in a two-hour concrete check strip one mile long with heated lapar at each end. Deaver took the car to the strip and onto the stringers and pushed it rapidly up to 80 m.p.h. "Now," he said, "look at the car. I am driving." He moved his left hand to steady the right, looked his right hand over his shoulder and shifted, and shifted, and shifted the wheel down. The car went up right, then left, then right and it straightened out. Deaver returned his hands to the wheel and so shot into the turn. "You see," he said, "it's the car back. 'Do you now how quickly the car, by itself, responds to a corner?' That is called 'steering'."

The other two men, as Deaver also admitted, took it with a high speed of action, accelerated to 110 or 120, then shifted back into high. The roadway was buffeted and shook about the car. At 110 in a 1/8 Deaver said, "Now observe," and took both hands off the wheel. The car roared a 20th of a mile without deviation. "You see?" he said. "Stability."

Back at the parking area, Deaver said, "It is an excellent, honest car." Then he smiled. "The only way to see me say a questionable thing." I think that he was implying it.

We started to walk home. Then Deaver stopped, and I stopped, and we turned and looked back. It stood there all white, and in the center, I don't know what Deaver was thinking, but when I saw the car, I saw that it had come a long way from the White Horse and the phenomenon of the Manhattan skyline to come from half a mile or so off the factory.



"Can I go out tonight, dad? The boys are having a little crowd!"



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In private rooms  
the politicians, and  
on outside, or porch  
about, on the benches

## COMMENT GORE VIDAL

(Editorial: The Academy's Defeat  
(The children's hours, On Chase  
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B... (continued from page 10)  
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## REDUCE the size of your waistline

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## THE SOUND AND THE FURY

(Continued from page 17)

### A man of letters

I am not usually a reader of letters to the editor. But once, like the man who built part of the statue after being half-murdered, I had to be.

I had just finished all the one-sided and abusive letters with pleasure to reading it once when I saw your number. I did not skip through the publication, but, like most good readers, I stayed on the letter page. Then I came to the letter you had sent me about the book. I was not sure what to do.

I am not sure what to do. I am not sure what to do. I am not sure what to do.

For example, some people think that a man who has been killed should not be killed again. I am not sure what to do.

But I am not sure what to do. I am not sure what to do. I am not sure what to do.

But I am not sure what to do. I am not sure what to do. I am not sure what to do.

But I am not sure what to do. I am not sure what to do. I am not sure what to do.

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**TAX-FREE CIGARETTES & CIGARS**  
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# TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

edited by VIRGINIA MURRAY

Smart purchasing and even out of the box advice to do your Christmas shopping. Remember, it's the end of the year, a time to do a little shopping for a little extra cash.

**MODERN STAY** Santa products  
100 E. Madison Chicago 31-4300

**KEEP A HAND ON THE TV** in bed  
100 E. Madison Chicago 31-4300

**OFF TO THE GAMES** with a mobile  
100 E. Madison Chicago 31-4300

**FREE CHRISTMAS** with a mobile  
100 E. Madison Chicago 31-4300

**BABY CARE** for a Baby's Day  
100 E. Madison Chicago 31-4300

**ESQUIRE BOOKS**  
100 E. Madison Chicago 31-4300

**SHOP BY MAIL** from *Schuff's Ltd.*  
100 E. Madison Chicago 31-4300

**"ELECTRA" GOLD RING** by *Caprice*  
100 E. Madison Chicago 31-4300

**TOILET CUBES**  
100 E. Madison Chicago 31-4300

**GIFTS, GAMES & GADGETS**  
100 E. Madison Chicago 31-4300

**RED RIVER**  
100 E. Madison Chicago 31-4300

**LIFE-SIZE SANTA**  
100 E. Madison Chicago 31-4300

**Buy Real Diamonds This New Way**  
100 E. Madison Chicago 31-4300

**Webster's Old Fashioned COFFEE MILL**

A Webster's Old Fashioned Coffee Mill is a perfect gift for the coffee lover in your life. It's a classic design that's been around for over 100 years. The mill is made of heavy-duty cast iron and has a hand-cranked top. It's easy to use and produces a fine, aromatic coffee. The mill is also a beautiful piece of decor for your kitchen.

**THE HOUSE OF WEBSTER**  
Old Fashioned Mills  
Box 1001-10, NEW BRITAIN, CT

THE HOUSE OF WEBSTER  
Old Fashioned Mills  
Box 1001-10, NEW BRITAIN, CT

**ROPPYCOCK**

The original happy crowd candy that's a crowd favorite everywhere.

It's the only candy to go by and get the crowd roaring with its unique, salty-sweet, chewy texture. Ropycock is a crowd favorite everywhere.

**CLAWSON, Inc.**  
Box 1001-10, NEW BRITAIN, CT

**CLAWSON, Inc.**  
Box 1001-10, NEW BRITAIN, CT

**COFFEE OF THE MONTH CLUB!**

Join the Coffee of the Month Club and receive a new coffee variety pack each month. The club is open to members in the United States and Canada. The variety packs include a selection of the best coffees from around the world. The club is a great way to keep your coffee collection fresh and exciting.

**COFFEE OF THE MONTH CLUB**  
Box 1001-10, NEW BRITAIN, CT

**COFFEE OF THE MONTH CLUB**  
Box 1001-10, NEW BRITAIN, CT

**WISCONSIN CHEESE**

Wisconsin is the land of cheese. Our Wisconsin cheese is made from the finest milk and is a true taste of the state. The cheese is available in a variety of styles, including cheddar, Swiss, and Colby. It's a great addition to any meal.

**WISCONSIN CHEESE**  
Box 1001-10, NEW BRITAIN, CT

**Menu Entry**

Our menu entry is a selection of the best dishes from our restaurant. It's a great way to start your meal and sets the tone for the rest of the evening. The menu entry is available in a variety of styles, including appetizers, soups, and salads.

**Menu Entry**  
Box 1001-10, NEW BRITAIN, CT

**Georgetown's Fruit Cake**

Georgetown's Fruit Cake is a traditional holiday treat that's been around for over 100 years. It's made with the finest ingredients and is a true taste of the state. The cake is available in a variety of styles, including fruit, nut, and chocolate.

**Georgetown's Fruit Cake**  
Box 1001-10, NEW BRITAIN, CT

**LIQUEUR ICE CREAM**

Our Liqueur Ice Cream is a unique and delicious treat that's perfect for any occasion. It's made with the finest ice cream and liqueur, and is available in a variety of flavors. The ice cream is a great way to enjoy your favorite liqueur.

**LIQUEUR ICE CREAM**  
Box 1001-10, NEW BRITAIN, CT

**KAISER INDUSTRIES, INC.**

Kaiser Industries, Inc. is a leading manufacturer of industrial equipment and machinery. The company has a long history of excellence and is known for its high-quality products and reliable service. The company is a great choice for any industrial business.

**KAISER INDUSTRIES, INC.**  
Box 1001-10, NEW BRITAIN, CT

## ESQUIRE'S GOURMET GUIDE

**A RARE FISH** is a selection of the finest fish from around the world. The fish is available in a variety of styles, including whole, fillet, and steak. It's a great addition to any meal.

**A RARE FISH**  
Box 1001-10, NEW BRITAIN, CT

**TEA-DRINKING PARTY** is a selection of the finest teas from around the world. The teas are available in a variety of styles, including black, green, and white. It's a great way to enjoy your favorite tea.

**TEA-DRINKING PARTY**  
Box 1001-10, NEW BRITAIN, CT

**A COOKBOOK** is a selection of the finest recipes from around the world. The cookbook is available in a variety of styles, including hardcover, paperback, and e-book. It's a great way to learn new recipes and techniques.

**A COOKBOOK**  
Box 1001-10, NEW BRITAIN, CT

**JOHN'S DE AFRIC** is a selection of the finest African dishes from around the world. The dishes are available in a variety of styles, including appetizers, soups, and main courses. It's a great way to enjoy the flavors of Africa.

**JOHN'S DE AFRIC**  
Box 1001-10, NEW BRITAIN, CT

**Stunning GIFT IDEA!** is a selection of the finest gifts from around the world. The gifts are available in a variety of styles, including jewelry, home decor, and electronics. It's a great way to find the perfect gift for any occasion.

**Stunning GIFT IDEA!**  
Box 1001-10, NEW BRITAIN, CT

**TOBACCO'S HUSBAND** is a selection of the finest tobacco products from around the world. The products are available in a variety of styles, including cigars, pipes, and smoking accessories. It's a great way to enjoy the flavors of tobacco.

**TOBACCO'S HUSBAND**  
Box 1001-10, NEW BRITAIN, CT

**ESQUIRE'S GOURMET GUIDE** is a selection of the finest gourmet products from around the world. The products are available in a variety of styles, including food, drink, and home decor. It's a great way to find the perfect gourmet product for any occasion.

**ESQUIRE'S GOURMET GUIDE**  
Box 1001-10, NEW BRITAIN, CT

**CONTINENTAL COFFEE SERVICE** is a selection of the finest coffee products from around the world. The products are available in a variety of styles, including whole bean, ground, and instant. It's a great way to enjoy the flavors of coffee.

**CONTINENTAL COFFEE SERVICE**  
Box 1001-10, NEW BRITAIN, CT

**OUR HOUSE** is a selection of the finest home decor products from around the world. The products are available in a variety of styles, including furniture, lighting, and home accessories. It's a great way to find the perfect home decor product for any occasion.

**OUR HOUSE**  
Box 1001-10, NEW BRITAIN, CT

**HANG-IT-ALL** is a selection of the finest hanging products from around the world. The products are available in a variety of styles, including hanging plants, hanging lights, and hanging accessories. It's a great way to find the perfect hanging product for any occasion.

**HANG-IT-ALL**  
Box 1001-10, NEW BRITAIN, CT

**SNACKMASTER** is a selection of the finest snack products from around the world. The products are available in a variety of styles, including chips, nuts, and candy. It's a great way to enjoy the flavors of snacks.

**SNACKMASTER**  
Box 1001-10, NEW BRITAIN, CT

**WISCONSIN CHEESE BOX** is a selection of the finest Wisconsin cheese products from around the world. The products are available in a variety of styles, including cheddar, Swiss, and Colby. It's a great way to enjoy the flavors of Wisconsin cheese.

**WISCONSIN CHEESE BOX**  
Box 1001-10, NEW BRITAIN, CT

**ESQUIRE'S GOURMET GUIDE** is a selection of the finest gourmet products from around the world. The products are available in a variety of styles, including food, drink, and home decor. It's a great way to find the perfect gourmet product for any occasion.

**ESQUIRE'S GOURMET GUIDE**  
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**HANG-IT-ALL**  
Box 1001-10, NEW BRITAIN, CT

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**SNACKMASTER**  
Box 1001-10, NEW BRITAIN, CT

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**WISCONSIN CHEESE BOX**  
Box 1001-10, NEW BRITAIN, CT

Continued from page 353 if you're going to get gasped about (in a mighty nice way, of course) when you give:

**Harry and David's EXCLUSIVE PEARSAPPLES®**

Harry and David's PearsApples are a unique and delicious treat that's perfect for any occasion. The apples are available in a variety of styles, including whole, sliced, and stuffed. It's a great way to enjoy the flavors of apples.

**Harry and David's EXCLUSIVE PEARSAPPLES®**  
Box 1001-10, NEW BRITAIN, CT

**THE ESQUIRE COOKBOOK** is a selection of the finest recipes from around the world. The cookbook is available in a variety of styles, including hardcover, paperback, and e-book. It's a great way to learn new recipes and techniques.

**THE ESQUIRE COOKBOOK**  
Box 1001-10, NEW BRITAIN, CT

**THE GIFT OF GIFTS** is a selection of the finest gifts from around the world. The gifts are available in a variety of styles, including jewelry, home decor, and electronics. It's a great way to find the perfect gift for any occasion.

**THE GIFT OF GIFTS**  
Box 1001-10, NEW BRITAIN, CT

**Swift's Premium Steaks!** is a selection of the finest steak products from around the world. The products are available in a variety of styles, including steaks, roasts, and chops. It's a great way to enjoy the flavors of steak.

**Swift's Premium Steaks!**  
Box 1001-10, NEW BRITAIN, CT

**Twist-A-Lemon** is a selection of the finest lemon products from around the world. The products are available in a variety of styles, including lemons, lemon juice, and lemon accessories. It's a great way to enjoy the flavors of lemons.

**Twist-A-Lemon**  
Box 1001-10, NEW BRITAIN, CT

**WISCONSIN CHEESE BOX** is a selection of the finest Wisconsin cheese products from around the world. The products are available in a variety of styles, including cheddar, Swiss, and Colby. It's a great way to enjoy the flavors of Wisconsin cheese.

**WISCONSIN CHEESE BOX**  
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Who also wants to "GROW" **TALLER** in seconds?

...and you'll be 100% taller in 10 seconds! ...and you'll be 100% taller in 10 seconds! ...and you'll be 100% taller in 10 seconds!

**APPROXIMATELY 100% TALLER**

...and you'll be 100% taller in 10 seconds! ...and you'll be 100% taller in 10 seconds! ...and you'll be 100% taller in 10 seconds!

**THE TERRY-ALL FOR COMFORT**

...and you'll be 100% taller in 10 seconds! ...and you'll be 100% taller in 10 seconds! ...and you'll be 100% taller in 10 seconds!

**ARMED & DANGEROUS**

...and you'll be 100% taller in 10 seconds! ...and you'll be 100% taller in 10 seconds! ...and you'll be 100% taller in 10 seconds!

**BANG! 10 SHOT PUMEL 1976**

...and you'll be 100% taller in 10 seconds! ...and you'll be 100% taller in 10 seconds! ...and you'll be 100% taller in 10 seconds!

**FREE 10 SHOT PUMEL 1976**

...and you'll be 100% taller in 10 seconds! ...and you'll be 100% taller in 10 seconds! ...and you'll be 100% taller in 10 seconds!

**HOW ARE YOUR INVESTMENTS DOING?**

...and you'll be 100% taller in 10 seconds! ...and you'll be 100% taller in 10 seconds! ...and you'll be 100% taller in 10 seconds!

**Gift for ALL**

...and you'll be 100% taller in 10 seconds! ...and you'll be 100% taller in 10 seconds! ...and you'll be 100% taller in 10 seconds!

**BURGESS GOLF**

...and you'll be 100% taller in 10 seconds! ...and you'll be 100% taller in 10 seconds! ...and you'll be 100% taller in 10 seconds!

**FREE from Radio Shack**

...and you'll be 100% taller in 10 seconds! ...and you'll be 100% taller in 10 seconds! ...and you'll be 100% taller in 10 seconds!

**FREE 10 SHOT PUMEL 1976**

...and you'll be 100% taller in 10 seconds! ...and you'll be 100% taller in 10 seconds! ...and you'll be 100% taller in 10 seconds!

**FREE 10 SHOT PUMEL 1976**

...and you'll be 100% taller in 10 seconds! ...and you'll be 100% taller in 10 seconds! ...and you'll be 100% taller in 10 seconds!

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**RETRACTOR MICROSCOPE** takes up 1/2" of space. Shows 100x magnification. \$29.95. **TELESCOPE** 100x magnification. \$29.95. **TELESCOPE** 100x magnification. \$29.95.

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**FREE 10 SHOT PUMEL 1976**

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**FREE 10 SHOT PUMEL 1976**

...and you'll be 100% taller in 10 seconds! ...and you'll be 100% taller in 10 seconds! ...and you'll be 100% taller in 10 seconds!

**FREE 10 SHOT PUMEL 1976**

...and you'll be 100% taller in 10 seconds! ...and you'll be 100% taller in 10 seconds! ...and you'll be 100% taller in 10 seconds!

## WITH ESQUIRE

...and you'll be 100% taller in 10 seconds! ...and you'll be 100% taller in 10 seconds! ...and you'll be 100% taller in 10 seconds!

**A LITTLE FINGER** 100x magnification. \$29.95. **TELESCOPE** 100x magnification. \$29.95. **TELESCOPE** 100x magnification. \$29.95.

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**FREE 10 SHOT PUMEL 1976**

...and you'll be 100% taller in 10 seconds! ...and you'll be 100% taller in 10 seconds! ...and you'll be 100% taller in 10 seconds!

**FREE 10 SHOT PUMEL 1976**

...and you'll be 100% taller in 10 seconds! ...and you'll be 100% taller in 10 seconds! ...and you'll be 100% taller in 10 seconds!

**FREE 10 SHOT PUMEL 1976**

...and you'll be 100% taller in 10 seconds! ...and you'll be 100% taller in 10 seconds! ...and you'll be 100% taller in 10 seconds!

**ORANGES APPLES**

...and you'll be 100% taller in 10 seconds! ...and you'll be 100% taller in 10 seconds! ...and you'll be 100% taller in 10 seconds!

**DRIVING** 100x magnification. \$29.95. **TELESCOPE** 100x magnification. \$29.95. **TELESCOPE** 100x magnification. \$29.95.

**FREE 10 SHOT PUMEL 1976**

...and you'll be 100% taller in 10 seconds! ...and you'll be 100% taller in 10 seconds! ...and you'll be 100% taller in 10 seconds!

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**FREE 10 SHOT PUMEL 1976**

...and you'll be 100% taller in 10 seconds! ...and you'll be 100% taller in 10 seconds! ...and you'll be 100% taller in 10 seconds!









**"WEAR" A SPORT**

You will like this sport because it is easy to learn, easy to wear, and easy to do. It is the only sport that can be worn in the office, at the gym, or at the beach. It is the only sport that can be worn in the office, at the gym, or at the beach.

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for CHRISTMAS and year round smoking pleasure

### BANCES BREVAS

A most exclusive gift... for the man who enjoys the finer things in life... BANCES BREVAS... the most exclusive gift... for the man who enjoys the finer things in life...

### SHOES FROM ENGLAND

at a fraction of their American retail price!

**100% REFUND** in 10 days, money back!

STEVEN HOLLAND, LTD.  
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### DON'T BE BALD!

Proven formula for regrowing hair... **HAIR REGENERATOR**... **HAIR REGENERATOR**...

### DON'T FALL FOR FRODOUSE

Proven formula for regrowing hair... **HAIR REGENERATOR**... **HAIR REGENERATOR**...

### Engraved CUFF LINKS

each engraved with any message... **Engraved CUFF LINKS**... **Engraved CUFF LINKS**...

### NEW POWER

Power... **NEW POWER**... **NEW POWER**...

### FAMOUS STEAKS

at a fraction of their... **FAMOUS STEAKS**... **FAMOUS STEAKS**...

### STEERING WHEEL LIQUOR SET

for \$14.95... **STEERING WHEEL LIQUOR SET**... **STEERING WHEEL LIQUOR SET**...

### MUSICAL COCKTAIL SET

for \$14.95... **MUSICAL COCKTAIL SET**... **MUSICAL COCKTAIL SET**...

## TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

MADE OF RUBBER... **TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE**... **TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE**...

### WRAP HER IN LUGGERS

for \$14.95... **WRAP HER IN LUGGERS**... **WRAP HER IN LUGGERS**...

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